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INTERESTING TREE PLANTING

In no section of the country is the problem of foresting denuded lands likely to be given more serious consideration in the future than in the Lake States, where so much of the land has already been made bare by wasteful lumbering and forest fires. That well directed planting is sure to do much for this region is proven by many who have already had success in the work.

One of the interesting accounts of recent experiments in planting forest trees has just been given by a correspondent of the United States Forest Service, living in Lac Qui Parle county, Minnesota. This planting was done with the principal object in view of establishing shelter belts for the protection of farm buildings and stock, and the results will doubtless interest many farmers of the northern prairie region.

The first planting was done in April, 1906, and consisted of two forest plantations, one of five acres and one of one and one-half acres. Both of these plantations are located on level, deep, upland soil. The first comprises an equal mixture of green ash and white elm, planted in rows six feet apart, with the trees four feet apart in the rows. One-year-old nursery-grown seedlings, 15 inches high, were used.

The smaller plantation was of western yellow pine planted in rows 10 feet apart with the trees eight feet apart in the rows. Young transplanted trees of a foot or more in height were used. Thorough and careful cultivation has been given both plantations with a small-shoveled, one-horse cultivator. There have been no losses at all in the ash and elm plantation, and the trees now average about six feet high. The stand of pine is 98 per cent perfect and the trees average about 22 inches high. It is likely that the spacing of the pine plantation will be found too wide for the best development of the pines, and considerably closer spacing is generally advisable.

In April, 1908, near the same location two acres were planted with jack pine. The stock was three-year-old transplanted trees grown on the farm by the owner. They were planted six feet apart each way. At the same time four acres of black walnut and box elder were planted in mixture, alternating the trees in rows six feet apart each way. It is the intention of the owner to remove the box elder trees as soon as crowding begins, so that the black walnuts will stand 12 feet apart each way.

WHAT IT COSTS TO FIGHT FIRES

The national conservation commission is trying to find out what it costs the country to fight fires. The geological survey, which is conducting this particular branch of inquiry for the commission, is sending out letters to city officials all over the country asking for data on the additional cost of city water supplies for fire protection beyond what is necessary for domestic use. This information will be combined with other statistics of a similar nature to throw light on the general topic of the conservation of life and property through the prevention of fires, for the use of the commission when it meets at Washington in December to prepare its report for President Roosevelt.

The fact that the investigations of the commission have reached a point where such detailed information is being sought is an indication of the substantial progress of the preliminary work. For a time, perhaps, the men who undertook to prepare an inventory of the country's present natural wealth and the outlook for the future feared that the task was going to prove too gigantic for them to finish in time to submit the first draft at the meeting of the commission, December 1. But they say now there is no doubt that they will place in the hands of the commission a practically complete inventory upon which that body can base its further studies and recommendations.

This city fire-fighting system investigation is part of a general study of the conservation of life and property. The commission is compiling an immense amount of accurate information concerning the nature and extent of loss of life and property from fires, the cost of insurance, water systems and fire departments, and the possibility of preventing fire through the use of fire-resisting building materials and of fire-proofing systems, and the desirability of changes in building systems. The letters which are going out now ask for figures on the total cost of each city's present distributing system, with the amount of pipe laid and the number of hydrants, and the cost of the water used. They ask further for an estimate of the cost of the system and materials that would be required if the necessity for fire service were omitted and only a domestic supply were needed. Such cities as have a separate high pressure fire system, or contemplate installing one, can give actual figures of the cost of fighting fires; for others the expense can be deduced with tolerable accuracy.

Some of the city officials regard their information as confidential, so that no figures will be available until tabulations of totals can be worked out.

REALLY, NOW, WHAT'S IN A NAME?

What's in a name?

Everything!—if we are to believe latter day students of the so-called "invisible influences." It's all a mistake about a rose smelling as sweet by any other name. None of us doubts that a cabbage called anything else would be quite as common.

A mother recently condoning the waywardness of her son was generous enough to take all the blame on herself:—"I have been reading and studying up on the subject," she explained. "It is not my poor boy's fault at all, I christened him wrong. What boy named Fernando could get out of a mandolin attitude toward life?"

Maybe there is something in a name after all! None of us will deny feeling an instinctive attraction toward the owner of a beautiful name. A good name is rather to be chosen, maybe, than great riches. You can keep the name even after you've been buncoed out of your bank account. It has an individuality of its own; and since a man must use it all through life, it is only natural that he should harbor a grouch if it is not one that appeals to his fancy.

A name is a handicap or a tremendous asset in the game of life. It is a weight holding one down or wings bearing its possessor above the clouds to the desired goal.

Take Mary, for instance; why, a girl named Mary needs no other recommendation. We accept all Marys in the very confidence that name inspires. A Mary is gentle and good and reliable—a mother to the human race, a little sister to the angels. John bears the same relation to the masculine persuasion. Trust a man named John? Why, his name rings as true as the product of the United States mint.

It's the same with Williams and the Thomases. One of these names simply keeps a boy straight, however longingly he may look at the sidepaths his less happily named companions may take. Who of us wouldn't trust a boy named William to take the last dime we have in the world to the corner to get it changed, confident that he'd show up promptly with both nickels.

On the other hand, what can we expect from the fluffy Floras and Mays, Lilies and Gerties? Their very names catalogue them with the lillies of the fields. If they tried to toil and spin they'd get the pattern in a hopeless tangle or break the thread out of sheer incompetence.

"TAKE MARY, FOR INSTANCE."

The Reginalds and the Percivals, the Geralds and the Marmadukes are generally born with silver spoons in their mouths, or some rich relative suddenly appears from nowhere to save them from the awful fate of the over-christened. Left to battle with life alone, they would creep under the shadow of their names and wither away, even as a flower fades.

What's in a name? All that those who have borne it creditably have left associated with it. We may live down to our frivolous cognomens, or raise them to the level of the name we would have chosen for our own.

What's in a name, when all is told? We are bigger than the tags with which foolish mothers and fathers have labelled us for life!

Are we? If Desdemena had been named Luella, would Othello have smothered her?

A TECHNICAL DICTIONARY

Federal Government of Germany Takes Up Work.

Consul General Richard Guenther, of Frankfort, says that at the annual meeting of the Association of German Engineers, held recently at Dresden, announcement was made that the work of compiling and publishing a new technical dictionary, which was conducted under the auspices of the association, had to be stopped because it was found that the expenses would amount to more than four times the estimates.

"The great progress in science and industries," Mr. Guenther says, "had created a vast mass of new terms and matter, largely in excess of what had been estimated at the beginning. This stoppage is greatly to be regretted, as the need of a new technical dictionary and encyclopaedia is acutely felt by thousands of persons engaged in scientific research, in all lines of commerce and production in literature, journalism and in the administration of state and municipal government.

"It is, however, satisfactory to note that the executive board of the Association of German Engineers has made strenuous efforts to take up and complete this valuable work, and has succeeded in obtaining therefor the aid of the federal government of Germany and of the Ministry of Education of the Prussian kingdom."

ORIGIN OF "HIP, HIP—"

Many people doubtless think that the exclamatory "Hip, hip, hurrah!" suggests a vigorous slap of that part of the anatomy along with explosion of spirits. Indeed, it is very reasonable to suppose that the person excited enough to lead up to his hurrah with a prelude might very well strike his hip in the lieu of hugging himself in his delight. But the explanation of the term has nothing to do with anatomy.

During the stirring times of the Crusades, the chivalry of Europe was excited to arms by the inflammatory appeals of Peter the Hermit. And while he was preaching the Crusade, this furious zealot was accustomed to exhibit a banner emblazoned with the letters H. E. P., the initials of the Latin words Hierosolyma est perdita (Jerusalem is destroyed). The people in some of the countries that he visited, not being acquainted with Latin, read and pronounced the inscription as one word, Hep. The followers of the Hermit were accustomed, whenever an unfortunate Jew appeared in the streets, to raise the cry, "Hep, hep, hurrah!" to hum him down and flash their swords on the defenseless Israelite in token that by his death was typified the result which they desired more than to be charitable.

So the modern exclamation—corrupted in its vowel, to be sure—both suggests Jew persecution and a bit of Middle Ages fanaticism.

SAM WELLER.

Instances of Wellerisms Before Dickens Invented Him.

There were Wellerisms before Weller, says the London Globe. It may be noted, by the way, that Samuel's name was no invention. The name of Weller is as familiar to genealogical students as that of families in Kent, Surrey and elsewhere in the south of England. In the time of Edward III a certain Hugh le Veller was living at Henley-on-Thames, so perhaps Mr. Weller, senior, when, from the gallery of Mrs. Magnapor, so Dickens drew the idea of Sam Weller's peculiar way of illustrating his talk by apt comparison and felicitous allusion from a character in a farce by Samuel Beazley, which was popular before "Pickwick" was thought of. This was pointed out in detail more than a quarter of a century ago by the late Mr. E. L. Blanchard, although many lovers of Dickens seem to be still unaware of the existence of this prototype of Weller. Both Beazley, who was by profession an architect, and his dramatic works are unknown to the present generation; but in the early decades of the last century his plays were popular, especially a musical farce called Five Hours at Brighton; or, the Boarding House, produced at the old Lyceum theatre in 1811. A favorite character in this farce was Mr. Simon Spatterdash, a militiaman. Copies of the play are very rare, but Mr. Blanchard gave a number of examples of Mr. Spatterdash's sayings, of which we quote one or two: "Come on, as the man said to his tight boot;" "I'm down upon you, as the extinguisher said to the rushlight;" "Where shall we fly?" as the bullet said to the trigger;" "I'm all over in a perspiration, as the mutton chop said to the gridiron;" "Let every one take care of themselves, as the donkey observed when dancing among the chickens;" and so on, and so on.

An actor named Samuel Vale was identified with the part of Simon Spatterdash, and in private life was in the habit of belarding his talk with comparisons of the Spatterdash brand—comparisons which flowed with fatal facility from his lips. Sam Vale's "latest" passed from mouth to mouth and both the name of the actor and the farce with which he was associated must have been familiar to Dickens. There can hardly be any reasonable doubt that the name of Sam Vale suggested that of of Sam Weller, just as his trick of talk, derived from the militiaman of Beazley's farce suggested Samuel's amusing method of speech.

TRY IT ON THE DOG.

Kansas City Journal.

"Cultivate a pleasant tone of voice by practicing on the dog," says a Kansas man. "He doesn't care so much what you say, but he is very particular how you say it."

THE CARD SYSTEM

Mack is in the harvest field
Bringing in the sheaves,
Hitchcock in the gloomy wood
Indexing the leaves;
Voter, voter, have a care,
Careful what you do!
Indexers are everywhere;
They've got a tab on you.

Bryan's in the writing room
Freeing all the slaves,
Dover's on the sad seashore
Counting all the waves;
Balance sheets are being drawn.
Who's to bring the glue?
Voter, voter, have a care.
Some one's tabbing you.

Mack is running here and there,
No time, he, for words;
Hitchcock's running everywhere
Listing all the birds;
Clerks are indexing the stars
In the heavens blue;
Voter, don't you dare to sneeze.
Some one's listing you.

Indexed, sorted, classified,
Listed, tabbed, arranged,
Balanced, added—augur-eyed
Clerks are hired and changed,
Ticketed and filed and checked,
Careful what you do—
Else your whole nareer is wrecked.
They are listing you.

Experts are about the caves
Ticketing the rocks.
Everything's a yellow card
In a filing box.
You're a check mark made some place,
Lasting until fall.
All the world's a filing case.
You're a card—that's all!

—New York Sun.

Story of a Country Doctor

A certain genial old disciple of Esculapius one day realized that his Practice was Slipping away from him. It would have rejoiced his Heart to think the Community had grown so Healthy it could no longer support a Doctor. But his attention was called to the fact that such was not the Case. A newcomer who advertised himself as a Specialist, was riding day and night and nobody could Calculate fast enough to keep up with his Income.

Now the Old Doctor would have been very glad to Divide his practice with the spruce young Specialist, but that one had no time to give to his Ancient Confrere. More than this, he had a well grounded suspicion that once the old man got him in a Corner his career would come to a Meteoric ending. He had heard the Heresy the Other had been preaching these forty Years to the Village folk—that given all the Fresh air they could take and good food and enough sleep no Doctor could either Prolong or shorten their lives.

The Specialist on the Other hand listened attentively and encouraged them to dwell on their symptoms. His long Suit was Sympathy. So long as he kept to this the Old Doctor sat on his front porch and smoked and smiled, but one day it came to him that the Constitutions he had been working all these years to build up were in danger of being destroyed by the Stranger. Then he began to worry, fearful of how many might be Sacrificed before he could stop the Slaughter.

He set out to make a round of social calls. He gathered from this one and that what he wanted to know. All of his former patients were being treated for mysterious new maladies. It amazed and horrified him to find that Appendicitis had swept over the community like a strong, wind from the East. Twenty of the leading citizens were now in Sanitariums in the Nearest city. The Old Doctor told each Family goodby, explaining that he was going away for a while to Freshen up in his Profession.

In the course of Time he returned very much improved. Now he wore smart white waistcoats and tall black silk hats. He opened a smart little office and paid his professional calls in a red automobile. This alone reconciled them to sending the Specialist about his business for the time being. The Old Doctor had learned so much that they came flocking back to him. Once where he would have slapped this one on the shoulder and pooh-poohed the Idea of him being sick, now he dropped his voice to a Sepulchral whisper and demanded how Long this had been allowed to run on.

The old Doctor's fame spread abroad. The young Specialist packed up his Skelton and departed in disgust. Now that the other had become so great, he no longer did Charity work as he had done before he went away to take a Special Course. And the modest fees he used to charge were now doubled a hundred times. What with Violet rays, X-rays, electrical apparatuses and miles of glass tubes the villagers unudered they must expect to pay for such Scientific treatment. He accumulated so much money that he soon put up a Sanitarium.

The curious thing about it is the old doctor has never spent one penny of this new money on himself. He has given it back to the Village in the way of Public libraries, good roads and all sorts of foolish gifts to young people just starting life.

This simple story teaches we are never too Old to Learn other Methods.

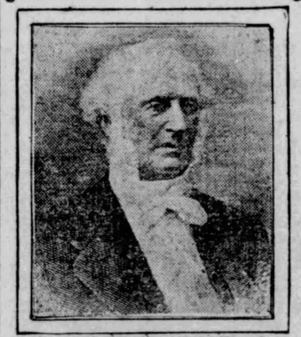
Says Napoleon Was a Hobo.

Montclair Dispatch to New York Times.

"You're not a tramp; you can make a living as a campaign orator," said Sergt. McGarry, of the Montclair police, as he dismissed the charge of vagrancy against John Huffledinger, who had been arrested by Policeman Mulligan. Sergt. McGarry's estimate of the prisoner's qualifications was reached after he had tried for ten minutes to get in a question edgeways during a rapid-fire discourse by Huffledinger.

The prisoner, when informed that he had been arrested for vagrancy, began a discourse that took up the history of tramp life from away back in the middle ages. He was a scholarly talker, and he pointed to Napoleon as an illustrious predecessor of the modern hobo. Napoleon, Huffledinger declared, had tramped all over Europe, and was arrested only at Moscow and Waterloo. Huffledinger promised to get out of town when the sergeant discharged him.

NOTABLE FIGURES IN NEW YORK'S HISTORY



© VANDERBILT, 0

Of excellent Dutch stock came the well known American family of the Vanderbilts, the first of whom to be recorded in this country was Jan Aversten Van der Bylt.

Cornelius, who built up the great fortune, was born at Port Richmond, Staten Island, and at sixteen owned and ran a small vessel between that point and New York city. At the age of eighteen he owned two and at twenty-three was a married man, living in New York city, worth more than $9,000.

From that time on his means increased. He built the first steamboat that ran between New York and New Brunswick, acting as her captain for a salary of $1,000 a year.

When he died, on January 4, 1877, the man who began life as a poor boy left a fortune estimated at $100,000,000.

A MILLIONAIRE OF YESTERDAY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER III.

For a moment Monty stood as though dazed. Then the excitement which had shone in his face slowly subsided. He stood quite silent, muttering softly to himself, his eyes fixed upon Trent.

"Her picture! My little girl's picture! Trent you're joking, you're mad!"

"Am I?" Trent answered nonchalantly. "Perhaps so! Anyhow those are my terms! You can play or not as you like! I don't care."

A red spot burned in Monty's cheeks, and a sudden passion shook him. He threw himself upon Trent and would have struck him but that he was as a child in the younger man's grasp. Trent held him at a distance easily and without effort.

"There's nothing for you to make a fuss about," he said gruffly. "I answered a plain question, that's all. I don't want to play at all. I should most likely lose, and you're much better without the brandy."

Monty was foaming with passion and baffled desire.

"You beast!" he cried, "you low, illbred cur! How dared you look at her picture! How dare you make me such an offer! Let me go, I say! Let me go!"

But Trent did not immediately relax his grasp. It was evidently not safe to let him go. His fit of anger bordered upon hysterics. Presently he grew calmer but more maudlin. Trent at last released him, and, thrusting the bottle of brandy into his coat-pocket, returned to his game of patience. Monty lay on the ground watching him with red, shifty eyes.

"Trent," he whimpered. But Trent did not answer him.

"Trent, you needn't have been so beastly rough. My arm is black and blue and I am sore all over."

But Trent remained silent. Monty crept a little nearer. He was beginning to feel a very injured person.

"Trent," he said, "I'm sorry we've had words. Perhaps I said more than I ought to have done. I did not mean to call you names. I apologize."

"Granted," Trent said tersely, bending over his game.

"You see, Trent," he went on, "you're not a family man, are you? If you were, you would understand. I've been down in the mire for years, an utter scoundrel, a poor, weak, broken-down creature. But I've always kept that picture! It's my little girl! She does not know I'm alive, never will know, but it's all I have to remind me of her, and I couldn't part with it, could I?"

"You'd be a blackguard if you did," Trent answered curtly.

Monty's face brightened.

"I was sure," he declared, "that upon reflection you would think so. I was sure of it. I have always found you very fair, Trent, and very reasonable. Now shall we say two hundred?"

"You seem very anxious for a game," Trent remarked. "Listen, I will play you for any amount you like, my I O U against your I O U. Are you agreeable?"

Monty shook his head. "I don't want your money, Trent, he said. "You know that I want that brandy. I will leave it to you to name the stake I am to set up against it."

"As regards that," Trent answered shortly, "I've named the stake; I'll not consider any other."

Monty's face once more grew black with anger.

"You are a beast, Trent—a bully!" he exclaimed passionately; "I'll not part with it!"

"I hope you won't," Trent answered. "I've told you what I should think of you if you did."

Monty moved a little nearer to the opening of the hut. He drew the photograph hesitatingly from his pocket, and looked at it by the moonlight. His eyes filled with maudlin tears. He raised it to his lips and kissed it.

"My little girl," he whispered. "My little daughter."

Trent had re-lit his pipe and started a fresh game of patience. Monty, standing in the opening, began to mutter to himself.

"I am sure to win—Trent is always unlucky at cards—such a little risk, and the brandy—ah!"

He sucked in his lips for a moment with a slight gurgling sound. He looked over his shoulder, and his face grew haggard with longing. His eyes sought Trent's, but Trent was smoking stolidly and looking at the cards spread out before him, as a chess-player at his pieces.

"Such a very small risk," Monty whispered softly to himself. "I need the brandy too. I cannot sleep without it! Trent!"

Trent made no answer. He did not wish to hear. Already he had repented. He was not a man of keen susceptibility, but he was a trifle ashamed of himself. At that moment he was tempted to draw the cork, and empty the brandy out upon the ground.

"Trent! Do you hear, Trent?"

He could no longer ignore the hoarse, plaintive cry. He looked unwillingly up. Monty was standing over him with white, twitching face and bloodshot eyes.

"Deal the cards," he muttered simply, and sat down.

Trent hesitated. Monty misunderstood him and slowly drew the photograph from his pocket and laid it face downwards upon the table. Trent bit his lip and frowned.

"Rather a foolish game this," he said. "Let's call it off, eh? You shall have—well, a thimbleful of the brandy and go to bed. I'll sit up, I'm not tired."

But Monty swore a profane and a very ugly oath.

"I'll have the lot," he muttered. "Every drop; every d——d drop! Ay, and I'll keep the picture. You see, my friend, you see; deal the cards."

Then Trent, who had more faults than most men, but who hated bad language, looked at the back of the photograph, and, shuddering, hesitated no longer. He shuffled the cards and handed them to Monty.

"Your deal," he said laconically. "Same as before, I suppose?"

Monty nodded, for his tongue was hot and his mouth dry, and speech was not an easy thing. But he dealt the cards, one by one, with jealous care, and when he had finished he snatched upon his own, and looked at each with sickly disappointment.

"How many?" Trent asked, holding out the pack.

Monty hesitated, half made up his mind to throw away three cards, then put one upon the table. Finally, with a little whine, he laid three down with trembling fingers and snatched at the three which Trent handed him. His face lit up, a scarlet flush burned in his cheek. It was evident that the draw had improved his hand.

Trent took his own cards up, looked at them nonchalantly, and helped himself to one card. Monty could restrain himself no longer. He threw his hand upon the ground.

"Threes," he cried in fierce triumph, three of a kind—nines!"

Trent laid his own cards calmly down.

"A full hand," he said, "kings up."

Monty gave a little gasp and then a moan. His eyes were fixed with a fascinating glare upon those five cards which Trent had so calmly laid down. Trent took up the photograph, thrust it carefully into his pocket without looking at it, and rose to his feet.

"Look here, Monty," he said, "you shall have the brandy; you've no right to it, and you're best without it by long chalks. But there, you shall have your own way."

Monty rose to his feet and balanced himself against the post.

"Never mind—about the brandy," he faltered. "Give me back the photograph."

Trent shrugged his shoulders. "Why?" he asked coolly. "Full hand beats three, don't it? It was my win and my stake."

"Then—take that!" But the blow never touched Trent. He thrust out his hand and held his assailant away at arm's length.

Monty burst into tears.

"You don't want it," he moaned; "what's my little girl to you? You never saw her, and you never will see her in your life."

"She is nothing to me, of course," Trent answered. "A moment or so ago her picture was worth less to you than a quarter of a bottle of brandy."

"I was mad," Monty moaned. "She was my own little daughter. God help her!"

"I never heard you speak of her before," Trent remarked.

There was a moment's silence. Then Monty crept out between the posts into the soft darkness, and his voice seemed to come from a great distance.

"I have never told you about her," he said, "because she is not the sort of woman who is spoken of at all to such men as you. I am no more worthy to be her father than you are to touch the hem of her skirt. There was a time, Trent, many, many years ago, when I was proud to think that she was my daughter, my own flesh and blood. When I began to go down—it was different. Down and down and lower still; Then she ceased to be my daughter! After all it is best. I am not fit to carry her picture. You keep it. Trent—you keep it—and give me the brandy."

He staggered up onto his feet and crept back into the hut. His hands were outstretched, claw-like and bony, his eyes were fierce as a wild cat's. But Trent stood between him and the brandy bottle.

"Look here," he said, "you shall have the picture back—curse you! But listen. If I were you and had wife, or daughter, or sweetheart like this"—he touched the photograph almost reverently—"why, I'd go through fire and water but I'd keep myself decent; ain't you a silly old fool, now? We've made our piles, you can go back and take her a fortune, give h— jewels and pretty dresses, and all the fal-de-lals that women love. You'll never do it if you muddle yourself up with that stuff. Pull yourself together, old 'un. Chuck the drink till we've seen this thing through, at any rate!"

"You don't know my little girl," Monty muttered. "How should you? She'd care little for money or gewgaws, but she'd break her heart to see her old father—come to this—broken down—worthless—a hopeless, miserable wretch. It's too late. Trent, I'll have just a glass, I think. It will do me good. I have been fretting, Trent, you see how pale I am."

He staggered towards the bottle. Trent watched him, interfering no longer. With a little chuckle of content he seized upon it and, too fearful of interference from Trent to wait for a glass, raised it to his lips. There was a gurgling in his throat—a little spasm as he choked, and released his lips for a moment. Then the bottle slid from his nerveless fingers to the floor, and the liquor oozed away in a little brown stream; even Trent dropped his pack of cards and sprang up startled. For bending down under the sloping roof was a European, to all appearance an Englishman, in linen clothes and white hat. It was the man for whom they had waited.

CHAPTER IV.

Trent moved forward and greeted the newcomer awkwardly. "You're Captain Francis," he said. "We've been waiting for you."

The statement appeared to annoy the explorer. He looked nervously at the two men and about the hut.

"I don't know how the devil you got to hear of my coming, or what you want with me?" he answered brusquely. "Are you both English?"

Trent assented, waving his hand towards his companion in introductory fashion.

"That's my pal, Monty," he said. "We're both English right enough."

Monty raised a flushed face and gazed with bloodshot eyes at the man who was surveying him so calmly. Then he gave a little gurgling cry and turned away. Captain Francis started and moved a step towards him. There was a puzzled look in his face—as though he were making an effort to recall something familiar.

"What is the matter with him?" he asked Trent.

"Drink!"

"Then why the devil don't you see that he doesn't get too much?" the newcomer said sharply. "Don't you know what it means in this climate? Why, he's on the high-road to a fever now. Who on this earth is it he reminds me of?"

Trent laughed shortly.

"There's never a man in Buckomari—no, nor in all Africa—could keep Monty from the drink," he said. "Live with him for a month and try it. It wouldn't suit you—I don't think."

He looked disdainfully at the smooth face and careful dress of their visitor, who bore the inspection with a kindly return of contempt.

"I've no desire to try," he said; "but he reminds me very strongly of some one I knew in England. What do you call him—Monty?"

Trent nodded.

"Never heard any other name," he said.

"Have you ever heard him speak of England?" Francis asked.

Trent hesitated. What was this newcomer to him that he should give away his pal? Less than nothing! He hated the fellow already, with a rough, sensitive man's contempt of a bearing and manners far above his own.

"Never. He don't talk."

Captain Francis moved a step towards the huddled-up figure breathing heavily upon the floor, but Trent, leaning over stopped him.

"Let him be," he said gruffly. "I know enough of him to be sure that he needs no one prying and ferreting into his affairs. Besides, it isn't safe for us to be dawdling about here. How many soldiers have you brought with you?"

"Two hundred," Captain Francis answered shortly.

Trent whistled.

"We're all right for a bit, then," he said; "but it's a pretty sort of a picnic you're on, eh?"

"Never mind my business," Captain Francis answered curtly; "what about yours? Why have you been hanging about here for me?"

"I'll show you," Trent answered, taking a paper from his knapsack. "You see, it's like this. There are two places near this show where I've found gold. No use blowing about it down at Buckomari—the fellows there haven't the nerve of a kitten. This cursed climate has sapped it all out of them, I reckon. Monty and I clubbed together and bought presents for his majesty, the boss here, and Monty wrote out this little document—sort of concession to us to sink mines and work them, you see. The old buffer signed it like winking, directly he spotted the rum, but we ain't quite happy about it; you see, it ain't to be supposed that he's got a conscience, and there's only us saw him put his mark there. We'll have to have to raise money to work the thing upon this, and maybe there'll be difficulties. So what we thought was this. Here's an English officer coming; let's get him to witness it, and then if the king don't go on the square, why, it's a government matter."

Captain Francis lit a cigaret and smoked thoughtfully for a moment or two.

"I don't quite see," he said, "why we should risk a row for the sake of you two."

Trent snorted.

"Look here," he said; "I suppose you know your business. You don't want me to tell you that a decent excuse for having a row with this old Johnny is about the best thing that could happen to you. He's a bit too near the borders of civilization to be a decent savage. Sooner or later some one will have to take him under their protection. If you don't do it, the French will. They're hanging round now, looking out for an opportunity. Listen!"

Both men moved instinctively towards the open part of the hut and looked across towards the village. Up from the little open space in front of the king's dwelling-house leaped a hissing bright flame; they had kindled a fire, and black forms of men, stark naked and wounding themselves with spears, danced around and made the air hideous with discordant cries. The king himself, too drunk to stand, squatted upon the ground with an empty bottle by his side. A breath of wind brought a strong, noxious odor to the two men who stood watching. Captain Francis puffed hard at his cigaret.

"Ugh!" he muttered; "beastly!"

"You may take my word for it," Trent said gruffly, "that if your two hundred soldiers weren't camped in the bush yonder, you and I and poor Monty would be making sport for them tonight. Now come. Do you think a quarrel with that crew is a serious thing to risk?"

"In the interests of civilization," Captain Francis answered, with a smile, "I think not."

"I don't care how you put it," Trent answered shortly. "You soldiers all prate of the interests of civilization. Of course it's all rot. You want the land—you want to rule, to plant a flag, and be called a patriot."

Captain Francis laughed. "And you, my superior friend," he said, glancing at Trent, gaunt, ragged, not too clean, and back at Monty—"you want gold—honestly if you can get it, if not—well, it is not too wise to ask. Your partnership is a little mysterious, isn't it—with a man like that? Out of your magnificent morality I trust that he may get his share."

Trent flashed a brick-red. An angry answer trembled upon his lips, but Oom Sam, white and with his little fat body quivering with fear, came hurrying up to them in the broad track of the moonlight.

"King he angry," he called out to them breathlessly. "Him mad drunk angry. He say white men all go away, or he fire bush and use the poisoned arrow. Me off! Got bearers waiting."

"If you go before we've finished," Trent said, "I'll not pay you a penny. Please yourself."

The little fat man trembled—partly with rage, partly with fear.

"You stay any longer," he said, "and king him send after you and kill on way home. White English soldiers go Buckomari with you?"

Trent shook his head.

"Going the other way," he said, "down to Wana Hill."

Oom Sam shook his head vigorously.

"Now you mind," he said; "I tell you, king send after you. Him blind mad."

Oom Sam scuttled away. Captain Francis looked thoughtful. "That little fat chap may be right," he remarked. "If I were you I'd get out of this sharp. You see, I'm going the other way. I can't help you."

Trent set his teeth.

"I've spent a good few years trying to put a bit together, and this is the first chance I've had," he said; "I'm going to have you back me as a British subject on that concession. We'll go down into the village now if you're ready."

"I'll get an escort," Francis said. "Best to impress 'em a bit, I think. Half a minute."

He stepped back into the hut and looked steadfastly at the man who was still lying doubled up upon the floor. Was it his fancy, or had those eyes closed swiftly at his turning—was it by accident, too, that Monty, with a little groan, changed his position at that moment, so that his face was in the shadow? Captain Francis was puzzled.

"It's like him," he said to himself softly; "but after all the thing's too improbable!"

He turned away with a shade upon his face and followed Trent out into the moonlight. The screeching from the village below grew louder and more hideous every minute.

CHAPTER V.

The howls became a roar, blind passion was changed into purposeful fury. Who were these white men to march so boldly into the presence of the king without even the formality of sending an envoy ahead? For the king of Bekwando, drunk or sober, was a stickler for etiquette. It pleased him to keep white men waiting. For days sometimes a visitor was kept waiting his pleasure, not altogether certain either as to his ultimate fate, for there were ugly stories as to those who had journeyed to Bekwando and never been seen or heard of since. Those were the sort of visitors with whom his ebon majesty loved to dally until they became pale with fright or furious with anger and impatience; but men like this white captain, who had brought him no presents, who came in overwhelming force and demanded a passage through his country as a matter of right were his special detestation. On his arrival he had simply marched into the place at the head of his columns of Hausas without ceremony, almost as a master, into the very presence of the king. Now he had come again with one of those other miscreants who at least had knelt before him and brought rum and many other presents. A slow, burning, sullen wrath was kindled in the king's heart as the three men drew near. His people, half-mad with excitement and debauch, needed only a cry from him to have closed like magic round these insolent intruders. His thick lips were parted, his breath came hot and fierce whilst he hesitated. But away outside the clearing was that little army of Hausas, clean-limbed, faithful, well-drilled and armed. He choked down his wrath. There were grim stories about those who had yielded to the luxury of slaying these white men—stories of villages razed to the ground and destroyed, of a king himself who had been shot, of vengeance very swift and very merciless. He closed his mouth with a snap and sat up with drunken dignity. Oom Sam, in fear and trembling, moved to his side.

"What they want?" the king asked.

Oom Sam spread out the document which Trent had handed him upon a tree-stump, and explained. His majesty nodded more affably. The document reminded him of the pleasant fact that there were three casks of rum to come to him every year. Besides, he rather liked scratching his royal mark upon the smooth, white paper. He was quite willing to repeat the performance, and took up the pen which Sam handed him readily.

"Him white man just come," Oom Sam explained; "want see you do this."

His majesty was flattered, and, with the air of one to whom the signing of treaties and concessions is an everyday affair, affixed a thick, black cross upon the spot indicated.

"That's all right?" he asked Oom Sam.

Oom Sam bowed to the ground.

"Him want to know," he said, jerking his head towards Captain Francis, "whether you know what means?"

His forefinger wandered aimlessly down the document. His Majesty's reply was prompt and cheerful.

"Three barrels of rum a year."

Sam explained further. "There will be white men come digging," he said; "white men with engines that blow, making holes under the ground and cutting trees."

The King was interested. "Where?" he asked.

Oom Sam pointed westward through the bush.

"Down by creek-side."

The King was thoughtful. "Rum come all right?" he asked.

Oom Sam pointed to the papers.

"Say so there," he declared. "All quite plain."

The King grinned. It was not regal, but he certainly did it. If white men came too near they must be shot—carefully and from ambush. He leaned back with the air of desiring the conference to cease. Oom Sam turned to Captain Francis.

"King him quite satisfied," he declared. "Him say all explained before—he agree."

The King suddenly woke up again. He clutched Sam by the arm, and whispered in his ear. This time it was Sam who grinned.

"King, him say him signed paper twice," he explained. "Him want four barrels of rum now."

Trent laughed harshly.

"He shall swim in it, Sam," he said; "he shall float down to hell upon it."

Oom Sam explained to the King that, owing to the sentiments of affection and admiration with which the white men regarded him, the three barrels should be made into four, whereupon his majesty bluntly pronounced the audience at an end and waddled off into his Imperial abode.

The two Englishmen walked slowly back to the hut. Between them there had sprung up from the first moment a strong and mutual antipathy. The blunt savagery of Trent, his apparently heartless treatment of his weaker partner, and his avowed unscrupulousness, offended the newcomer much in the same manner as in many ways he himself was obnoxious to Trent. His immaculate fatigue-uniform, his calm supercilliousness, his obvious air of belonging to a superior class, were galling to Trent beyond measure. He himself felt the difference—he realized his ignorance, his unkempt and uncared-for appearance. Perhaps, as the two men walked side by side, some faint foreshadowing of the future showed to Trent another and a larger world where they two would once more walk side by side, the outward differences between them lessened, the smouldering irritation of the present leaping up into the red-hot flame of hatred. Perhaps it was just as well for John Francis that the man who walked so sullenly by his side had not the eyes of a seer, for it was a wild country and Trent himself had drunk deep of its lawlessness. A little accident with a knife, a carlessly handled revolver, and the man who was destined to stand more than once in his way would pass out of his life forever. But in those days Trent knew nothing of what was to come—which was just as well for John Francis.

* * *

Monty was sitting up when they reached the hut, but at the sight of Trent's companion, he cowered back and affected sleepiness. This time, however, Francis was not to be denied. He walked to Monty's side, and stood looking down upon him.

"I think," he said gently, "that we have met before."

"A mistake," Monty declared. "Never saw you in my life. Just off to sleep."

But Francis had seen the trembling of the man's lips, and his nervously shaking hands.

"There is nothing to fear," he said; "I wanted to speak to you as a friend."

"Don't know you; don't want to speak to you," Monty declared.

Francis stooped down and whispered a name in the ear of the sullen man. Trent leaned forward, but he could not hear it—only he too saw the shudder and caught the little cry which broke from the white lips of his partner.

Monty sat up, white, despairing, with strained, set face and bloodshot eyes.

"Look here," he said, "I may be what you say, and I may not. It's no business of yours. Do you hear? Now be off and leave me alone! Such as I am, I am. I won't be interfered with. But—"

Monty's voice became a shriek.

"Leave me alone!" he cried. "I have no name I tell you, no past, no future. Let me alone, or by Heaven I'll shoot you!"

Francis shrugged his shoulders, and turned away with a sigh.

"A word with you, outside," he said to Trent—and Trent followed him out into the night. The moon was paling—in the east there was a faint shimmer of dawn. A breeze was rustling in the trees. The two men stood face to face.

"Look here, sir," Francis said, "I notice that this concession of yours is granted to you and your partner jointly whilst alive and to the survivor, in case of the death of either of you."

"What then?" Trent asked fiercely.

"This! It's a beastly unfair arrangement, but I suppose it's too late to upset it. Your partner is half sodden with drink now. You know what that means in this climate. You've the wit to keep sober enough yourself. You're a strong man, and he is weak. You must take care of him. You can if you will."

"Anything else?" Trent asked roughly.

The officer looked his man up and down.

"We're in a pretty rough country," he said, "and a man gets into the habit of having his own way here. But listen to me! If anything happens to your partner here or in Buckomari, you'll have me to reckon with. I shall not forget. We are bound to meet! Remember that!"

Trent turned his back upon him in a fit of passion which choked down all speech. Captain Francis lit a cigaret and walked towards his camp.

(To Be Continued.

The Indiscretion of the Duchess

By ANTHONY HOPE

CHAPTER XIV.

For an Empty Box.

When I look back on the series of events of which I am narrating and try to recover the feelings with which I was affected in its passage, I am almost amazed and in some measure ashamed to find how faint is my abhorrence of the Duke of Saint-Maclou. My indignation wants not the bridle but the whip, and I have to spur myself on to a becoming vehemence of disapproval. I attribute my sneaking kindness for him—for to that and not much less I must plead guilty—partly indeed to the revelation of a passion in him that seemed to leave him hardly responsible for the wrong he plotted, but far more to the incidents of this night, in which I was in a manner his comrade and the partner with him in an adventure. To have stood shoulder to shoulder with a man blinds his faults—and the duke bore himself, not merely with the coolness and courage which I made no doubt of his displaying, but with a readiness and zest remarkable at any time, but more striking when they followed on the paroxysm to which I had seen him helplessly subject. These indications of good in the man mollified my dislike and attached me to him by a bond which begot toleration and resists even the clearest and more piercing analysis of memory. Therefore, when those who speak to me of what he did and sought to do say what I cannot

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other emotions to which his position gave occasion. And as he spoke, for the first time Pierre started, turning an eager face toward the box.

"Yes, it's empty," said the duke. "The necklace isn't there, is it? Now, tell me all about it, or I'll put a bullet through your head!"

Then the story came; disentangled from the excuses and prayers, it was simply that Pierre was no footman but a noted thief—that he had long meditated an attack on the Cardinal's Necklace; had made Lafleur's acquaintance in Paris, corrupted his facile virtue, and, with the aid of forged testimonials, presented himself in the character in which I had first made his acquaintance. The rascals had counted on the duke's preoccupation with Marie Delhasse for their opportunity. The duke smiled to hear it. Pierre listened to the whole story without a word of protest or denial; his accomplice's cowardly attempt to present him as the only culprit gained no more notice than another shrug and a softly muttered oath. "Destiny," the little man seemed to say in the eloquent movement of his shoulders; while the growing light showed his beady eyes fixed, full and unfaltering, on me.

Lafleur's prayers died away. The duke, still smiling, set his pistol against the wretch's head.

"That's what you deserve," said he.

And Lafleur, groveling, caught him by the knees.

"Don't kill me! Don't kill me!" he implored.

"Why not?" asked the duke, in the tone of a man willing to hear the other side, but certain that he would not be convinced by it. "Why not? We find you stealing—and we shoot you as you try to escape. I see nothing unnatural or illegal in it, Lafleur. Nor do I see anything in favor of leaving you alive."

And the pistol pressed still on Lafleur's forehead. Whether his master meant to shoot, I know not—although I believe he did. But Lafleur had little doubt of his purpose; for he hastened to play his best card, and, clinging still to the duke's knees, cried desperately:

"If you'll spare me, I'll tell you where she is!"

The duke's arm fell to his side; and in a changed voice, from which the cruel bantering had fled, while eager excitement filled its place, he cried:

"What? Where who is?"

"The lady—Mlle. Delhasse. A girl I know—there in Avranches—saw her go. She is there now."

"Where, man, where?" roared the duke, stamping his foot, and menacing the wretch again with his pistol.

I turned to listen, forgetful of quiet little Pierre and his alert beady eyes; yet I kept the pistol on him.

And Lafleur cried:

"At the convent—at the convent, on the shores of the bay!"

"My God!" cried the duke, and his eyes suddenly turned and flashed on mine; and I saw that the necklace was forgotten, that our partnership was ended, and that I again, and no longer the cowering creature before him, was the enemy. And I also, hearing that Marie was at the convent, was telling myself that I was a fool not to have thought of it before, and wondering what new impulse had seized the duke's wayward mind.

Thus neither the duke nor I was attending to the business of the moment. But there was a man of busy brain, whose life taught him to profit by the slips of other men and to let pass no opportunities. Our carelessness gave one now—a chance of escape, and a chance of something else, too. For, while my negligent hand dropped to my side and my eyes were seeking to read the duke's face, the figure opposite me must have been moving. Softly must a deft hand have crept to a pocket; softly came forth the hidden weapon. There was a report loud and sudden; and then another. And with the first Lafleur, who was kneeling at the duke's feet and looking up to see how his shaft had sped, flung his arms wildly over his head, gave a shriek, and fell dead—his head, half-shattered, striking the iron box as he fell sideways in a heap on the ground.

The duke sprang back with an oath, whose sound was engulfed in the second discharge of Pierre's pistol; and I felt myself struck in the right arm; and my weapon fell to the ground, while I clutched the wounded limb with my left hand.

The duke, after a moment's hesitation and bewilderment, raised his pistol and fired; but the active little scoundrel was safe among the trees, and we heard the twigs cracking and the leaves rustling as he pushed his way through the wood. He was gone—scot free for us, but with his score to Lafleur well paid. I swayed where I stood, to and fro; the pain was considerable, and things seemed to go round before my eyes; yet I turned to my companion, crying:

"After him! He'll get off! I'm hit; I can't run!"

The duke stood still, frowning; then he slowly dropped his smoking pistol into his pocket. For a moment longer he stood, and a smile broadened on his face as he raised his eyes to me.

"Let him," he said briefly; and his glance rested on me for a moment in defiant significance. And then, without another word, he turned on his heel. He took no heed of Lafleur's dead body, that seemed to fondle the box, huddling it in a ghastly embrace, nor of me, who swayed and tottered and sank on the ground by the corpse. With set lips and eager eyes he passed me, taking the road by which we had come. And I, hugging my wounded arm, with open eyes and parted lips, saw him dive in among the trees and disappear toward the house. And I looked round on the iron box and the dead body—two caskets robbed of all that made them more than empty lumber.

Minute followed minute; and then I heard the hoofs of a horse galloping at full speed along the road from the house toward Avranches. Lafleur was dead and done with; Pierre might go his ways; I lay fainting in the wood; the Cardinal's Necklace was still against my side. What recked the Duke of Saint-Maclou of all that? I knew, as I heard the thud of hoofs on the road, that by the time the first reddening rays reached over the horizon he would be at the convent, seeking the woman who was all the world to him.

And I sat there helpless, fearful of what would befall her. For what could a convent full of women avail against his mastering rage? And a sudden sharp pang ran through me, startling even myself in its intensity; so that I cried out aloud, raising my sound arm in the air towards heaven, like a man who swears a vow:

"By God, no! By God, no—no!"

CHAPTER XV.

I Choose My Way.

The dead man lay there, embracing the empty box that had brought him to his death; and for many minutes I sat within a yard of him, detained by the fascination and grim mockery of the picture no less than by physical weakness and a numbness of my brain. My body refused to act, and my mind hardly urged its indolent servant. I was in sore distress for Marie Delhasse—my vehement cry witnessed it—yet I had not the will to move to her aid; will and power both seemed to fail me. I could fear, I could shrink with horror, but I could not act; nor did I move till the increasing pain of my wound drove me, as it might any unintelligent creature, to scramble to my feet and seek, half-blindly, for some place that should afford shelter and succor.

Leaving Lafleur and the box where they lay, a pretty spectacle for a moralist, I stumbled through the wood back to the path, and stood there in helpless vacillation. At the house I should find better attendance, but old Jean's cottage was nearer. The indolence of weakness gained the day, and I directed my steps toward the cottage, thinking now, so far as I can recollect, of none of the exciting events of the night nor even of what the future still held, but purely and wholly of the fact that in the cottage I should find a fire and a bed. The root-instincts of the natural man—the primeval elementary wants—asserted their supremacy and claimed a monopoly of my mind, driving out all rival emotions, and with a mighty sigh of relief and content I pushed open the door of the cottage, staggered across to the fire and sank down on the stool by it, thanking heaven for so much, and telling myself that soon, very soon, I should feel strong enough to make my way into the inner room and haul out Jean's pallet and set it by the fire and stretch my weary limbs, and, if the pain of my wound allowed me, go to sleep. Beyond that my desires did not reach, and I forgot all my fears save the one dread that I was too weak for the desired effort. Certainly it is hard for a man to think himself a hero!

I took no note of time, but I must have sat where I was for many minutes, before I heard someone moving in the inner room. I was very glad; of course it was Jean, and Jean, I told myself with luxurious self-congratulation, would bring the bed for me, and put something on my wound, and maybe give me a drink of some fine hot cognac that would spread life through my veins. Thus I should be comfortable and able to sleep, and forget all the shadowy people—they seemed but shadows half-real—that I had been troubling my brain about; the duke, and Marie, whose face danced for a moment before my eyes, and that dead fellow who hugger the box so ludicrously. So I tried to call to Jean, but the trouble was too great, and, as he would be sure to come out soon, I waited, and I blinked at the smoldering woodashes in the fire till my eyes closed and the sleep was all but come, despite the smart of my arm and the ache in my unsupported back.

But just before I had forgotten everything the door of the inner room creaked and opened. My side was toward it and I did not look round. I opened my eyes and feebly waved my left hand. Then a voice came, clear and fresh:

"Jean, is it you? Well, is the duke at the house?"

I must be dreaming; that was my immediate conviction, for the voice that I heard was a voice I knew well, but one not likely to be heard here, in Jean's cottage, at four o'clock in the morning. Decidedly I was dreaming, and as in order to dream a man must be asleep, I was pleased at the idea and nodded happily, smiling and blinking in self-congratulation. But that pleasant minute of illusion was my last; for the voice cried in tones too full of animation, too void of dreamy vagueness, too real and actual to let me longer set them down as made of my own brain:

"Heaven! Why, it's Mr. Aycon! How in the world do you come here?"

To feel surprise at the Duchess of Saint-Maclou doing anything which she might please to do or being anywhere that the laws of nature rendered it possible she should be, was perhaps a disposition of mind of which I should have been by this time cured; yet I was surprised to find her standing in the doorway that led from Jean's little bedroom dressed in a neat walking gown and a very smart hat, her hands clasped in the surprise which she shared with me and her eyes gleaming with an amused delight which found, I fear, no answer in my heavy bewildered gaze.

"I'm getting warm," said I at first, but then I made no effort to rouse myself. "I was a bit hurt, you know," I went on; "that little villain Pierre——"

"Hurt!" cried the duchess, springing forward. "How? Oh, my dear Mr. Aycon, how pale you are!"

After that remark of the duchess', I remember nothing which occurred for a long while. In fact, just as I had apprehended that I was awake, that the duchess was real, and that it was most remarkable to find her in Jean's cottage, I fainted, and the duchess, the cottage, and everything else vanished from sight and mind.

When next I became part of the waking world I found myself on the sofa of the little room in the duke's house which I was beginning to know so well. I felt very comfortable; my arm was neatly bandaged, I wore a clean shirt. Suzanne was spreading a meal on the table, and the duchess, in a charming morning gown, was smiling at me and humming a tune. The clock on the mantelpiece marked a quarter of eight.

"Now I know all about it," said the duchess, perceiving my revival. "I've heard it all from Suzanne and Jean—or anyhow I can guess the rest. And you mustn't tire yourself by talking. I had you brought here so that you might be well looked after; because we're so much indebted to you, you know."

"Is the duke here?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, no; it's all right," nodded the duchess. "I don't know—and I do not care—where the duke is. Drink this milk, Mr. Aycon. Your arm's not very bad, you know—Jean says it isn't, I mean—but you'd better have milk first, and something to eat when you feel stronger."

The duchess appeared to be in excellent spirits. She caught up a bit of toast from the table, poured out a cup of coffee, and, still moving about, began a light breakfast, with every sign of appetite and enjoyment.

"You've come back," said I, looking at her in persistent surprise.

Suzanne put the cushions behind my back in a most comfortable position, smiled kindly on us, and left us.

"Yes," said the duchess, "I have for the present, Mr. Aycon."

"But—but the duke——" I stammered.

"I don't mind the duke," said she. "Besides, he may not come. It's rather nice that you're just a little hurt. Don't you think so, Mr. Aycon? Just a little, you know.

"Why?" was all I found to say. The reason was not clear to me.

"Why, in the first place, because you can't fight till your arm's well—oh, yes, of course, Armand was going to fight you—and, in the second place, you can and must stay here. There's no harm in it, while you're ill, you see; Armand can't say there is. It's rather funny, isn't it, Mr. Aycon?" and she munched a morsel of toast, and leaned her elbows on the table and sent a sparkling glance across at me, for the world as she had done on the first night I knew her. The cares of the world did not gall the shoulders of Mme. de Saint-Maclou.

"But why are you here?" said I, sticking to my point.

The duchess set down the cup of coffee which she had been sipping.

"I am not particular," said she. "But I told the Mother Superior exactly what I told the duke. However, I was resolved; so I came here. I don't see where else I could go, do you, Mr. Aycon?"

"What did you tell the mother?"

The duchess stretched one hand across the table, clenching her small fist and tapping gently with it on the cloth.

"There is one thing that I will not do, Mr. Aycon," said she, a touch of red coming in her cheeks and her lips set in obstinate lines. "I don't care whether the house is my house or anybody else's house, or an inn—yes, or a convent either. But I will not be under the same roof with Marie Delhasse.

And her decision finished, the duchess nodded most emphatically, and turned to her cup again.

The name of Marie Delhasse, shot forth from Mme. de Saint-Maclou's pouting lips, pierced the cloud that had seemed to envelop my brain. I sat up on the sofa and looked eagerly at the duchess.

"You saw her, then, at the convent?" I asked.

"Yes, I met her in the chapel. Really, I should expect to be safe from her there. And the mother would not turn her out!" And then the duchess, by a sudden transition, said to me, with a half-apologetic, half-challenging smile: "You got my note, I suppose, Mr. Aycon?"

For a minute I regarded the duchess. And I smiled, and my smile turned to a laugh as I answered:

"Oh, yes! I got the note."

"I meant it-" said she. "But I suppose I must forgive you now. You've been so brave, and you're so much hurt." And the duchess' eyes expressed a gratifying admiration of my powers.

I fingered my arm, which lay comfortably enough in the bandages and the sling that Suzanne's care had provided for it. And I rose to my feet.

"Oh, you musn't move" cried the duchess, rising also and coming to where I stood.

"By Jove, but I must!" said I, looking at the clock. "The duke's got four hours' start of me."

"What do you want with my husband now?" she asked. "I don't see why you should fight him; anyhow, you can't fight him till your arm is well."

The duchess' words struck on my ear and her dainty little figure was before my eyes, but my thoughts were absent from her.

"Don't go, Mr. Aycon," said she.

"I must go," I said. "By this time he'll be at the convent."

A frown gathered on the duchess' face.

"What concern is it of yours?" she asked. "I—I mean, what good can you do?"

"I can hardly talk to you about it——" I began awkwardly; but the duchess saved me the trouble of finishing my sentence, for she broke in angrily:

"Oh, as if I believe that! Mr. Aycon, why are you going?"

"I'm going to see that the duke doesn't——"

"Oh, you are very anxious—and very good, aren't you? Yes, and very chivalrous! Mr. Aycon, I don't care what he does;" and she looked at me defiantly.

"But I do," said I, and seeing my hat on the cabinet by the wall, I walked across the room and stretched out my hand for it. The duchess darted after me and stood between my hat and me.

"Why do you care?" she asked, with a stamp of her small foot.

There were, no doubt, many most sound and plausible reasons for caring—reasons independent of any private feelings of my own in regard to Marie Delhasse; but not one of them did I give to the duchess. I stood before her, looking, I fear, very embarrassed, and avoiding her accusing eyes.

Then the duchess flung her head back, and with passionate scorn said to me:

"I believe you're in love with the woman yourself!"

And to this accusation also I made no reply.

"Are you really going?" she asked, her voice suddenly passing to a note of entreaty.

"I must go," said I obstinately, calmly, curtly.

"Then go!" cried the duchess. "And never let me see you again!"

She moved aside, and I sprang forward and seized my hat. I took no notice of the duchess, and, turning, I walked straight toward the door. But before I reached it the duchess flung herself on the sofa and buried her face in the cushions. I would not leave her like that, so I stood and waited; but my tongue still refused to find excuses, and still I was in a fever to be off.

But the duchess rose again and stood upright. She was rather pale and her lips quivered, but she held out her hand to me with a smile. And suddenly I understood what I was doing, and that for the second time the proud little lady before me saw herself left and neglected for the sake of that woman whose presence made even a convent uninhabitable to her; and the bitter wound that her pride suffered was declared in her bearing and in the pathetic effort at dignity which she had summoned up to hide her pain. Yet, although on this account I was sorry for her, I discerned nothing beyond hurt pride, and was angry at the pride for the sake of Marie Delhasse, and when I spoke it was in defense of Marie Delhasse, and not in comfort to the duchess.

"She is not what you think," I said.

The duchess drew herself up to her full height, making the most of her inches.

"Really, Mr. Aycon," said she, "you must forgive me if I do not discuss that." And she paused, and then added, with a curl of her lips: "You and my husband can settle that between you;" and with a motion of her hand she signed me to leave her.

Looking back on the matter, I do not know that I had any reason to be ashamed or to feel myself in any sort a traitor to the duchess. Yet some such feelings I had as I backed out of the room leaving her standing there in unwonted immobility, her eyes haughty and cold, her lips set, her grace congealed to statelines, her gay agility frozen to proud stiffness.

And I left her thus standing in obedience to the potent yet still but half-understood spell which drew me from her side and would not suffer me to rest, while the Duke of Saint-Maclou was working his devices in the valley beneath the town of Avranches.

(To be Continued.)

More Light.

Birmingham Daily Post.

Ventilation is beginning to be understood, and its hygienic value appreciated. But the beneficent effects of sunlight meet with less appreciation. If people would consider for a moment the effect upon vegetable life cut off from the sun's rays they could hardly fail to draw an inference that would usefully bear upon their own existence.

A Most Valuable Agent.

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts from native medicinal roots and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic and antiferment. It adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherry-bark, Bloodroot, Golden Seal root, Stone root and Queen's root, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery" in subduing caronic, or lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherrybark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will not cure consumption except in its earlier stages. It will cure very severe, obstinate, hang-on chronic coughs, bronchial and lung-throat troubles and chronic sore throat with hoarseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective. It is in the lingering hang-on coughs, or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from lungs, that it has performed its most marvelous cures.

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago, says of glycerine:

"In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose. Holding a fixed quantity of the peroxide of hydrogen in solution, it is one of the best manufactured products of the present time in its action upon enfeebled, disordered stomachs, especially if there is ulceration or catarrhal gastritis (catarrhal inflammation of stomach), it is a most efficient preparation. Glycerine will relieve many cases of pyrosis (heartburn) and excessive gastric (stomach) acidity."

"Golden Medical Discovery" enriches and purifies the blood curing blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings and old sores, or ulcers.

Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet telling all about the native medicinal roots composing this wonderful medicine. There is no alcohol in it.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

KING DAVID'S BLUNDER

Corrected by the Death of His Devoted Follower.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A curious phase of the jubilation in Turkey over the granting of constitutional government has been the emphasis that has been laid upon the religious side of this momentous irade. Moslems and Christians have suddenly become as brothers. When Ottomans of all names got together in New York a few weeks ago for a celebration, the point most emphasized was religious liberty. It is more than a coincidence that religion seems inseparably bound up with the crises of every nation's history. In the commonplace days of humdrum prosperity religion may be subordinated; but in the epochal periods which shape the future it is to the fore. Many of the greatest wars recorded have had their genesis in religious questions.

The enlightened judgment of the world today opposes any alliance of church and state; but it discerns with equal clearness the need for the church in the state. Religion is vital to progress. The real estate men may not be theologians, or even historians, but when they advertise, as they commonly do, the presence of churches in the neighborhood they are booming, they show knowledge of human nature and of those conditions which universally make for prosperity.

As the old kingdom of Israel, united under King David, entered upon its most glorious era, it was first of all concerned about the conservation of its religion. This period showed Israel at its best. First outstanding, of course, was the man David. You cannot have even a religious revival without a man behind it. The Almighty Himself seems unable to fulfill his purposes without mortal help. David, the man, is the explanation of the greatness of Israel at this time. He had captured the ancient stronghold of Jerusalem, and meant to make the city his capital. He could not help imposing his own personality upon the place; for a man is bigger than a city. The world is filled with places of pilgrimage that are notable simply because of their association with some one personality. To the end of time, Jerusalem will be remembered and honored as "The City of David."

Piety Plus Common Sense.

It was a wise political move for David to make Jerusalem his capital. The city was just within the borders of Judea, but also close to the borders of the northern kingdom. As a commentator has said, "This would conciliate all parties and be a bond of union, since it was the center of the district within which had been wrought out the life and history of the twelve tribes. A circle of thirty miles radius, with Jerusalem for a center, embraced almost every name and almost every achievement in Hebrew history." "As a military post it has survived. It was the Gibraltar of Palestine."

In his choice of a city, as in his general procedure upon assuming the throne, David displayed strategy of the first order. He is a splendid model for the modern statesman. He did not needlessly antagonize anybody, and he went out of his way to make a good impression upon the people; for their favor was his most direct path to the achievement for his patriotic purposes. A certain conspicuous character in the politics of the United States, a man of unquestioned virtue and ability, is widely opposed because he cannot "get along" with people. He maintains the role of a Crusoe marooned on an island of virtue in an ocean of political iniquity. Not so David. He was careful to cultivate many counsellors, and he sought advice widely before proceeding to any important action. So "whatsoever the king did pleased all the people."

Welding a Nation Into Oneness.

It is easier to build a capital and to create an army, as David did, than to unify a people. He had been chosen ruler of many divergent interests. His problem was to present some dominant and unifying ideal that would weld them into oneness. Naturally, this ideal was religious. The strongest sentiment of mankind concerns religion. Myriads of men who scarcely ever give a thought to the church or to their faith, would instantly face the cannon's mouth were the religion of their fathers in danger. So David summoned Israel to rally round the ark. He designed to make Jerusalem, as it quickly became, the religious capital of the chosen people. No other city has so deeply won the spiritual allegiance of so widely separated a race, or held it for so long, as the City of David, toward which, to this day, the eyes of Jews in exile everywhere turn longingly.

A vital religious appeal always awakens response. In our own day, the men who strike boldly into the realm of spiritualities get a hearing. Certain charlatans and mountebanks, who perceive this truth to which some ardent preachers of the gospel are blind, get a large following by their insistence upon the life of the spirit. Wherever men hear the note of fresh, actual religious truth sounded, thither will they rally, even as Israel resorted to the ark.

A Historic Chest.

Israel's history was wrapped up in that small oblong box called the Ark of the Covenant. What the Magna Charta is to England, what the Declaration of Independence is to the United States, the Ark was to Israel—their most precious national possession. Therein were the tablets of stone containing the Decalogue which had been borne down from Mount Sinai by Moses. Therein was the pot of manna. Therein was Aaron's rod that budded. Therein was the Book of Law. There was the Mercy Seat, overshadowed by the wings of the Cherubim. This was the Ark that had gone before the marching children of Israel and opened the waters of Jordan. It was the Ark that had put to flight the enemies of the kingdom. As the visible emblem of the presence and leadership and covenant of Jehovah, the Ark held a unique place in the life of the chosen people.

All that the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre meant to the Crusaders, and more, the removal of the Ark to Jerusalem meant to the children of Israel. For seventy years it had been lying in partial neglect. Part of the time it had been in the hands of the Philistines. Now it was in the house of Abinabab, eleven miles southwest of Jerusalem. Its absence from the Tabernacle at Shiloh, and its neglected condition, indicate the low state of religion in the kingdom. After its installation at the center of worship by David, the Ark became a revered and honored object. When the city was destroyed by Nebuchadanezzar, the Ark disappeared. There are many persons today, as there have been through all the centuries since, who cherish the inextinguishable hope that, like many lesser treasures of antiquity, the Ark will one day be found and restored to the people of the covenant-keeping God.

Death for the Profaner

There are right and wrong ways of doing everything, from driving a tack to ruling a nation. In the first removal of the ark, David showed inconsiderateness and haste, and a desire to hold the reins of the procession himself. He neglected the divine ritual and the directions for the treatment of the ark. There was plenty of pomp, but a lack of reverence and adherence to the law in the removal of the sacred object. It was treated like a mere chest of gold, or any other common treasure. When the oxen which drew it stumbled, Uzzah put forth his hand to steady their burden — which never should have been carried, except on the shoulders of Levites.

For this act of indiscretion he was smitten dead. By this terrible retribution David and the nation were sternly reminded of the awfulness of God. Even the king in his exaltation seems to have forgotten the greatness and glory and majesty of Jehovah, of whom it is written, "Holy and reverend is His Name." The progressive Christians who are turning their churches into concert halls, and who are "popularizing" Christianity by cheapening it need to study this tragic episode of Uzzah. There are some persons who perceive the sacredness of the national flag more clearly than they do the sacredness of the things of God. Significantly the record runs: "And David was afraid of Jehovah that day:" a wholesome experience for the popular and successful king.

Correcting a King's Blunder.

Terrified and mystified by the death of Uzzah, the removal of the Ark was halted, and it remained with the house of Obededom for three months, to the rich blessing of that household. David, seeing this, would not be without the favor that followed the presence of the Ark of the Covenant. So he organized a great religious festival, this time taking heed to obey the divine directions. Proper formality was observed thoroughout. David divided the honors and responsibilities with other men. The priests were invested with the dignity which belonged to them. A spectacular procession and ceremony, with music and dancing, was arranged, the Ark being conducted with all the pomp and reverence that its sacredness invited.

I have seen in Japan religious festivals when the Shinto ark from the temple was carried in great processions, with music and feasting, dancings and crowds of people lining the highways. Similar, but on a vastly greater scale was this procession to Jerusalem. It was the greatest day in old Israel's history; for the truth runs forever, that a nation is at its best when God and religion are given their right place in the right way.

BEAUTIFUL PLANET VENUS AND STAR OF BETHLEHEM

Whether or not the bright morning star Venus, now becoming more brilliant daily, is the Star of Bethlehem, is the subject for an interesting discussion which follows, from the pen of Father Hillig, of St. John's college. He says:

Early in the morning, a few hours before sunrise, there appears in the east a star, visible in Toledo, of exceptional splendor and beauty. Around it star after star is fading away before the rising dawn of the day, but this one holds its own in the struggle of light against light, shining forth in blazing brilliancy until it reigns supreme in the eastern sky; the only survivor of the night and the most fascinating object in the heavens. This is Venus, the beautiful morning star, a sister planet of our earth from times immemorial.

No wonder that time and again this star is taken for the Star of Bethlehem, for there is something heavenly about it, and well might it have been chosen by its Creator to lead the Wise Men of the East to Him who is the Light of the World.

Judging from the numerous inquiries as to the identity of the present morning star, received by the writer, it would seem that the discussion about the Star of Bethlehem is not yet closed, at least not in our dear city of Toledo, and there is evidently a desire, even among the general public to get some definite information on that subject. To meet this demand and to comply with a special request of The Blade, the writer will try to discuss the question at some length, although, personally, he attaches very little importance to the whole controversy except as far as it represents a peculiar phase in the history of popular astronomy.

Before approaching the subject from an astronomical point of view we ought to arrive at a definite answer to the question whether or not the appearance of the Star of Bethlehem was a natural phenomenon, and after answering it in the affirmative, and only then, might we proceed to establish the identity of that star astronomically. Now, from the text of St. Matthew 2:2 and 9, which is the only source of information on the subject, it would seem difficult, nay impossible, to decide with any degree of certainty this very first question. We are told that the star was seen "in the East," and later on, when the Wise Men left Jerusalem, that it "went before them, until it stood over where the child was."

Now, while the expressions at first sight appear to denote a preternatural event, they are, nevertheless, general enough to apply to a natural phenomenon. First of all, it is not stated that the star preceded the wise men on their whole journey from the east, but that they saw it "in the east. After they had left Jerusalem, however, they saw it "going before them." This can have been on one evening only, for the distance from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is about eight miles. A real star in the western part of the evening sky apparently moving towards the horizon might satisfy the ext, "it went before them," and the fact that stars near the horizon seem to stand still, owing to the refraction of the atmosphere, might explain the word "stood," while the whole expression, "it stood 'over' where the child was," need not be taken literally as 'vertically above,' but in the same way that we refer to the moon as standing over a tree, a house, especially when such an object is near the horizon. The word "over" in this case would denote an apparent position, in the same way as in other parts of Holy Writ the sun is said to rise—even astronomers speak this way—although the sun does not rise. Some little difficulty in this interpretation is caused by the fact that Bethlehem is nearly south of Jerusalem, but it all depends on the direction of the road on which the Wise Men approached Bethlehem. Hence, absolutely speaking, it would not seem quite improbable that the Star of Bethlehem might have been a celestial body which moved along through space on its ordinary course. Nor would such an assumption detract in any way from the sublime character of the Star of Bethlehem, for it fulfilled its mission, and there is good reason to believe that, as a rule, God will not resort to the miraculous if he can obtain His end by natural means. So much in favor of the natural interpretation of the "Star of Bethlehem."

But there are other considerations which would seem to postulate a preternatural agency. It will not be necessary to enter upon them here. Let it suffice to state that the question cannot be decided either way with any degree of certainty, and we ought to be excused from the task of carrying the discussion over into the field of astronomy. Attempts, however, have been made by some astronomers to identify certain stars with that of Bethlehem, and no doubt the reader is anxious to know something about the results they have arrived at. Alas, their efforts have all been unsuccessful. The first difficulty arises from the fact that neither the exact date of the birth of Christ, nor the time of the visit of the Magi can be definitely ascertained. Hence, any suggestion as to the probable identity of the biblical star of Bethlehem and some known astronomical object or phenomenon will remain but a mere guess.

A great many such guesses have been forthcoming, especially during the last few centuries. Now it was a comet with a large tail, now a conjunction of several of the brighter planets, now a variable star or a nova, the supposition always being, and rightly so, that it must have been a phenomenon of great brilliancy and rare occurrence. Perhaps the most plausible conjecture was that with regard to the celebrated nova, discovered in 1572 by Tycho Brahe. It was suggested that this might be a variable star of a long period. For there is a report of the appearance of a bright star in that region of the heavens about the middle of the thirteenth century and a more vague account of some similar appearance 300 years earlier. This would give our star a period of about 315 years and would carry it back three periods more to the time of the birth of Christ. Since this star has failed to make its appearance in 1887 or thereabout, and since the reports of the thirteenth and tenth centuries are very indefinite, the whole structure of the theory breaks down in itself. If this be true of the "best" theory ever advanced, what can we expect of the others, which are based on even weaker foundations.

As to Venus, we venture to say that this planet could never for a moment have been taken for the Star of Bethlehem. The ancient peoples, particularly those of the Orient, whence came the "wise men," were too well acquainted with the planets to get alarmed at such an ordinary occurrence as is Venus at its greatest brilliancy, and regard it an extraordinary sign and messenger from on high. In very early times the people of the Orient had an exceptionally accurate knowledge of astronomical phenomena and of the motions of the planets in particular. Astronomers of the Alexandrian school were able to measure the obliquity of the ecliptic and to detect the precession of the equinoxes. Can we imagine that under such circumstances educated men, "wise men" of the Orient, who took a special interest in astronomical events, would attach any importance to the appearance of this very common planet? Yet, even if we suppose for a moment that Venus acted as the Star of Bethlehem, it could never have been Venus as it appears in these days; i.e., as morning star, for as such it stands in the east, and the Magi had followed it they would have arrived at India instead of Palestine.

It may be a little disappointing for the reader who has so patiently followed this lengthy discussion to be told that we do not know. But after all this has nothing to do with the fact that some kind of star really appeared to the wise men and led them to the Saviour of the world. We do know that Star of Bethlehem appeared, but as to the nature of this star neither the Bible nor the science of astronomy gives us a definite answer. For do we need such an answer for a deeper appreciation of the biblical narrative.

FRED. J. HILLIG, S. J.

Guided to Treasure by Spirit.

Chicago Journal.

"I shall give all the money to charity if the owner does not come to claim it," announced Mrs. Frank W. Gulliford today at her home, where she has returned after her successful hunt for buried treasure in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Voices from the spirit world indicated to Mrs. Gulliford where the treasure was hidden, according to the explanation she gives. "Martha," the spirit of a child, told her three years ago that a large sum of money was buried at Chattanooga. The vision returned again and again, she said, and she was forced to believe that she had second sight.

Finally she went to Chattanooga and discovered a large sum, how large she will not say, under a great stone in a pasture.

"I hope to return the money to its owner," she said, "but thus far I have had no applications from people who have lost anything. When someone does come I shall know if he is the correct person, for Martha, the spirit, will tell me what to believe."

Flowers Grow in Cinders.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A garden of flowers growing in cinder-packed ground in the rear yard of Mrs. Charles Roeder, 306 Lami street, is a curiosity attracting the attention of the residents of that vicinity. Gardeners are at a loss to explain how the flowers can grow in such unproductive grounds.

When Mrs. Roeder attempted to grow roses in her cinder-packed yard the neighbors ridiculed her. But Mrs. Roeder is a widow and has no children, and the attempt, even though it failed, was interesting to her, and helped to occupy her spare time.

She persisted, and after planting the beds, tended them carefully. She was as much surprised as the neighbors when the flowers grew luxuriantly.

"Called Back" We will send you Absolutely **Free**, that marvelously fascinating book, **Called Back**, by Hugh Conway. This edition is printed in clear type on good book paper and contains over 150 pages. It is one of the most bewitching, uplifting and powerful stories in the English language, and should be in every library. We will gladly send you this volume just to introduce Vick's Magazine, for over thirty years one of the great home papers of this country. It is now better than ever before, with the world-famous Eben E. Rexford as editor of our Floral Department and many other departments all in the hands of skilled editors. Send us ten cents for a three months' subscription and say you want "Called Back." VICK'S MAGAZINE COMPANY, 32 Vick Block, Chicago, Ill.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWERS.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will somebody please tell whether an orange tree will bear if grown from seed. I have one tree five years old; also a Ponderosa lemon, from seed, four years old. Do they have to be grafted or budded? If so, when is the best time?—D., Ethridge, Tenn.

Would like to have a recipe for substance to be placed in stumps in the fall to be left over winter, ready for firing in the spring. Had such a recipe once, but lost it.—R., Hotchkiss, Colo.

CONCRETE BUILDING.

Concrete wall is not an experiment, but when I read in a farm paper that a concrete house would cost as much as brick because of the expense of making the wooden forms in which the wall is cast, I concluded to give my experience in putting up a small building last year. I had stone on the place, sand could be had for the hauling, and Portland cement cost 40c per sack of 90 lbs. The house was a leanto attached to the main building, 18 and 7 feet high, a sort of outer kitchen or work room. I broke small stones into angular bits rather than haul gravel two miles up hill. Five parts of sand to one of cement were mixed and wet, then perhaps five parts more of broken stone were stirred in, only a small box full being made at once, and the concrete was ready. Two long and wide boards eight inches apart were clamped together at both upper and lower edges, the lower sticks being left in the wall and cut off afterward. The boards were hardly sure they wanted to stand up until steadied by the concrete. As soon as the door and window frames were set, both being as wide as the wall was thick, I gave up clamping the boards together, carefully nailing them to the frames instead, and as the wall hardened I took off the lower board and put it above the others, and so on. As the work went on I broke large stones, four to six inches thick, and put them into the wall one in a place, with the straight side next to the board, sometimes laying a trowel of soft mortar under them if the concrete looked rough. When all were buried I put in more, and so the wall is filled with stone. I found such a wall was stiffer when new and could bear to have the lower board taken off and put above sooner than one of pure concrete, and cracks between the boards were of no account, since I could stop them with stones, but my main object was to save the cement. The back end wall, except a foot of concrete on its top, is of heavy masonry; the face of a terrace and a seven-foot chimney stand on one high ground outside. A box 20 inches square had three corners well nailed, the fourth had only one (half driven in at that), so when the box was full and this nail drawn out the box could be spread enough to come off the chimney. Then two slender sticks laid across the top of the chimney, to be broken off afterward, held up the box to be filled again. The flue was laid up with small stones well cemented, laying it up a few inches, then filling the box with concrete and flat stones. A brick flue goes underground into the base of the chimney. The triangular space between the roof and wall was mostly filled in with masonry. Doing all the work myself, the expense in money (for cement) was $4.80. The old second-hand boards I had to form the walls were used for roof boards; don't know how much they were worth; not much, I guess. The floor was made of heavy stones laid level on the earth and then concrete was pounded into the holes, making practically a solid rock floor. A sack or two more to finish some plastering in the near future will be the whole cost, aside from doors and windows, the tarold roofing, etc., which would have been the same for brick or wood.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

ELDERBERRY WINE.

I saw in The Blade that somebody wanted a recipe for making elderberry wine. Here is a recipe I took from The Blade two years ago: Eight quarts of berries with four quarts of boiling water poured over them and allowed to stand twelve hours, stirring occasionally. Press out all of the juice and strain it; add one ounce of powdered cinnamon, one-half ounce of powdered cloves and three pounds of sugar to four quarts of juice. Boil five minutes and set away in a stone jar to cool, with a cloth thrown lightly over the top. When it is

Do You Hear Well?

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one. The Stolz Electrophone (U. S. Patent No. 763,575) readers unnecessary such clumsy, unsightly and frequently harmful devices as trumpets, horns, tubes, ear drums, fans, etc. It is a tiny electric telephone that fits on the ear, and which, the instant it is applied, magnifies the sound waves in such manner as to cause an astonishing increase in the clearness of all sounds. It overcomes the buzzing and roaring ear noises, and also so constantly and electrically exercises the vital parts of the ear that, usually, unaided hearing itself is gradually restored.

What Three Business Men Say

Electrophone is very satisfactory. Being in size and great in hearing qualities it preferable to any I have tried and, I have tried all of them. M. W. HOYT, Grocer, Michigan Ave. & River St., ...

so deaf I could not hear with my speaking and was advised to try the Electrophone. After fifteen years of deafness, discomfort and worry, I now hear perfectly at church concerts. W. R. UTLEY, Sales Manager, Maxwell & Co., Chicago.

are now used your Electrophone over a and know that it is a first-class, scientific device. Without it people have to shout in my ear to make me hear. With it, hear distinctly when spoken to in an tone. Best of all, it has stopped my noises, which were a terrible aggravation. MAY, Cashier, 100 Washington, Chicago.

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WEDDED LIFE

had been married two years and a ripple had crossed the horizon of lives. The gods had showered upon all their richest blessings—wealth, youth, beauty, love. Yet they happy.

were dining in their "cottage" by calm and happy, with no one but selves—and no other.

you know," she said with a conmile, "that Lieutenant Blank to see me again this afternoon?"

the third time within a week."

deed."

; he seems to come when he knows are elsewhere."

haps he is not free at any other

isten, Henry. You take it too indifity. I think you should consider it seriously."

Lieutenant Blank is my friend, and a man. He knows no one here; it is natural he should pay visits to the of his old friend and comrade."

short, you are satisfied that he come here three times a week to e, stay more than an hour, look at and tell me I am beautiful,"

do not believe he has gone beyond

But I will beg him to come in the g, when I am also at home."

that would show mistrust which r he does not deserve. I can tell s to say I am not at home," she consubtly.

what you think best, and I will do ever you desire to calm your fears this gallant friend. But why dis yourself when I am not disquieted?"

ut Henry, it is not so much on acof Lieutenant Blank that I speakert, shall I tell you? I should like ve a little more jealous of me."

this point the devoted husband laid his napkin and fell back in his and began to laugh so heartily, so y and so loudly that it made her as well.

, Henry, do not laugh. This inonce of yours makes me think you t love me, and that it does not matto you at all if others pay too much ion, and that troubles me."

ar one, dearest of my treasures, to you I will become jealous, too. A not too much. A little—how much, ple of two fingers, three fingers?"

do not make fun of me. You know much I love you. You know that you I should die. All I say to proceeds from my great love. I, you am jealous of you."

not I of you, for I esteem you too and I should fear to offend you by A woman can always protect without the aid of an ally, and she has a husband whom she loves esteems he supports her, and to- they defend their own honor and ity."

, dear, you have every reason to in me, but to make me happy be jealous."

, dear one, you shall teach me the to become so."

these two happy people interrupted dinner to make peace after this battle.

NOTABLE FIGURE SIN NEW YORK'S HISTORY

JOHN CRUGER

prominent man in the days when York was an English colony was Cruger, who established the famin this country. He came to Amerfrom England at an early age and e a wealthy merchant.

the year 1712 he entered public as an alderman for the Dock ward served twenty-two years. He was mayor of the city from 1739 to

on afterward he died, leaving sevsons, one of whom afterward be- the mayor also.

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QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

In your issue of September 17th, I see your reply to a question to S. G. G., Winfield, Kan., regarding the mariner's compass. The article states that charts are used in these days instead of compasses. I am afraid that you have misinformed your readers somewhat, for a ship at sea without a compass would be in a bad way indeed, and would probably become lost in bad weather.

The compass, pointing as it does to the north magnetic pole (not the north pole), gives the general course far better than anything else that is available, such as the stars, etc. If one is out of sight of land or the weather is bad, the compass is absolutely necessary.

Charts are essential to safe navigation, but are simply maps of land and water with points of interest to the mariner noted thereon. The sextant used to ascertain the location of the ship on the surface of the ocean as to latitude and longitude by reference to the chart, tells you very near exactly your position in any part of the world. In cloudy or foggy weather the compass is your guide. Often currents and winds will carry the mariner out of his course. Then his correct movements can only be ascertained when the weather clears, but as a rule the compass will not lead him far off the course.

Certain stars are often used as guides to steer by. A story is told of a wheelman at sea being given a star to head for. He did so until the star went below the horizon, whereupon the man called out, "Captain, given me another star. I've run by that one."—A. P. G., Fort Scott, Kan.

BUSBY'S WAR COMET.

I notice in The Blade, Sept. 17, an article, "Busby's War Comet." In this article he says that in June, 1909, a new comet will be visible to the naked eye, which will bring heat, war and pestilence. He also says this comet will be as large as the one seen in the year 1860, which predicted the war between the states. Is it possible for a comet to foretell war and pestilence? Is there any reliability in this prophecy? Tell us all you know about Busby.—J. L. H., Rockwell, N. C.

The Bureau editor does not believe it is possible for a comet to foretell war and pestilence. He has no faith in Busby's prophecy, and he knows so little about Busby it is not worth telling, but he is probably a man who acts in good faith and believes what he preaches.

LARGE CITIES.

Please give the present population of London and all of the great cities of the world. Is London the largest city of the world? What is meant by Greater New York? Is Greater New York larger than Paris?—D. W., Perry, Ill.

We cannot give the present population of all the large cities, as in some the census was not taken recently. The population of London in 1901 was 4,536,541; of New York in 1905, 4,014,304; of Paris in 1901, 2,714,068; of Berlin, 1905, 2,040,148; of Tokio in 1903, 1,818,655; of Chicago in 1900, 1,699,575; of Vienna in 1901, 1,675,957; of Canton, 1,600,000; of Pekin, 1,600,000; of St. Petersburg in 1905, 1,429,000; of Philadelphia in 1900, 1,293,697; of Constantinople, 1,125,000; of Calcutta, in 1901, 1,026,987; of Moscow in 1902, 1,092,360, and of Buenos Ayres in 1905, 1,000,250. London is the largest city of the world. Greater New York was so-called after the annexation of the city of Brooklyn and surrounding villages to New York. Greater New York is larger than Paris, being the second largest city in the world.

OBERLIN RESCUE CASE.

In your department I noted last week that a correspondent asked for an account of the Oberlin-Wellington Rescue case. Inclosed you will find some clippings from which you can prepare an account for your inquirer.—E. W. W., Sullivan, O.

The Wellington rescue was attempted in the fall of 1858. A negro slave named John had sought safety in Oberlin, the noted abolition town. To arrest a slave in Oberlin was considered a hazardous undertaking, so means were taken to decoy John out of town. The assistance of a farmer named Boynton was secured. John was successfully carried away after he left the town. As the slave hunters were passing through the surrounding country some young men living in Oberlin recognized John and suspecting that something was wrong they gave an alarm which gathered together a number of armed men. The slave hunters managed to reach a hotel in Wellington, where they retired to a room in the attic, but John was rescued from this and carried out of the hotel.

So flagrant was this violation of the fugitive slave act that United States court officials took the matter in hand and convened the grand jury, which found indictments against about thirty residents of Oberlin and Wellington. All who could be found were arrested and imprisoned in the Cuyahoga county jail. The prisoners were, however, later released. The government withdrew its prosecution of the Oberlin prisoners, at the same time it did of the Kentucky slave-owners who were indicted. This act on the part of the government was a compromise.

WHITTIER CHARACTERS.

Please tell something about the two women Whittier refers to in his Snow-Bound; the one, the "not unfeared, half-welcome guest," the other being Lady Hester Stanhope.—H. D. S., Junction City, Kan.

Harriet Livermore was a young woman of fine natural ability, enthusiastic, eccentric, with slight control over her violent temper, which sometimes made her religious profession doubtful. She was equally willing to exhort in school house, prayer meetings and dance in a Washington ballroom, while her father was a member of congress. She was a Second Adventist, and felt it her duty to proclaim the Lord's speedy coming. With this message she crossed the Atlantic and spent the greater part of a long life in traveling over Europe and Asia. She lived sometimes with Lady Hester Stanhope, a woman as fantastic and mentally strained as herself. They finally quarreled and separated. As a prophetess and leader of a band of Arabs, she wandered over Syria when an old woman.

Lady Hester Stanhope was born in 1776, and died in 1839, in Syria. After 1803, she left her own home to preside over that of her uncle, William Pitt. After his death three years later, she received a pension, but her life being embittered by her loss of power through his death, and saddened also by the death of her favorite brother and a lover, she left England in 1810. She traveled in various parts of the East, finally settling in Syria. She held great influence over the Bedouins, who looked up to her as belonging to a superior order. She believed in magic and astrology and displayed an extraordinary intellect. A doctor named Madden expressed a deep admiration for her and a belief in her sanity. She was called "the crazy queen of Lebanon."

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

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AUTOMOBILE RECORDS.

What is the best time made by an automobile for one mile? Where was the record made and who was the driver?—W. S. M., Leipsic, O.

In the heavyweight class 1,432 to 3,304 pounds), gasoline cars, the best time of 51 3-5 seconds was made October 18, 1907, by Strang in a Christie machine at Birmingham. The official acceptance of this time was delayed. In the middleweight class (881 to 1,432 pounds) gasoline cars, the best time of 56 2-5 seconds was made October 27, 1906, by E. Cedrino in a Fiat machine at Empire City. In the lightweight class (551 to 881 pounds) gasoline cars, the best time of 55 seconds was made in Empire City by Kulick in a Ford machine. The time was November 8, 1904. On September 14, 1907, a Stanley car, driven by Baldwin, in Readville, made the best time of 54 4-5 seconds of the steam cars (all weights).

The above were the track records. Of the straightaway records the best time of 30 3-5 seconds was made at Ormond, Florida, January 25, 1906, by Chevrolet driving a Darracq gasoline machine. January 25, 1906, Marriott made the best time of 28 1-5 seconds at Ormond, Florida, in a Stanley machine.

COMMERCE COMMISSION.

What is the interstate commerce commission?—X. Y. Z., White Pine, W. Va.

On February 4, 1887, congress passed an act creating the interstate commerce commission. It is invested with authority to regulate matters with respect to commerce which are detrimental to the public interest, and with authority to require annual reports from all carriers engaged in carrying interstate commerce.

LEPROSY.

Will you kindly tell what you can about the disease called leprosy and its effect on the human system? Is it very contagious?—W. H. M., Coldwater, Mich.

The symptoms of leprosy are as follows: Dusky red or livid tubercles of various sizes on the face, ears and extremities; thickened state of the skin with diminution of its sensibility; falling off of the hair, except that of the scalp; hoarse, nasal or lost voice; ulcerations of the surface and extreme fetor. The tubercles vary in size from that of a pea to an olive. Hands, feet and face are generally first affected.

In modern times three kinds of leprosy are recognized. In the first variety the whole body becomes white and scaly, without much interference with the general health. This is the true Biblical leprosy and is rare nowadays. The second variety makes the victim insensible to pains in the hands and feet in its earlier stages, and later on in the arms and legs. It is known as anaesthetic leprosy. The sufferer from this form of the disease is much troubled with dysentery and when the disease is advanced his hands and feet are liable to slough off. The third variety of leprosy is known as the tubercular form. It is distinguished by horrible swellings of loose skin, which becomes discolored. This is the commonest modern variety of the disease and the one most repulsive. Leprosy is very infectious.

FIRE-FLIES AND GLOW-WORMS

Will you please give in The Blade the relation of the glow-worm to the fire-fly?—C. K., Sharp's Chapel, Tenn.

The fire-fly and glow-worm belong to the same family, but of a different genus. The true fire-flies are found in the family Lampyridæ and the genus Photinus. The glow-worm is the wingless female of the European Lampyris noctiluca. In America glow-worms are scarce.

ETHAN ALLEN.

Will you kindly tell what you know about Ethan Allen and his brother, Benjamin?—L. C. D., Wakemar, O.

Ethen Allen was born in 1737 in Connecticut and died in 1789. In early life young Allen moved to Vermont, and was its most conspicuous citizen for the remainder of his life. He had an active part in the resistance of the "Green Mountain Boys" to the New York government. Allen, with a smal force, captured Ticonderoga from the British May 10, 1775. Crown Point and Skenesborough were also taken. For three years ensuing Allen was a captive with the British. We have no record of a brother named Benjamin.

MAUD POWELL.

Will you please give a biography of Maud Powell?—H. C. T., Pleasant Lake, Ind.

Maud Powell, the American violinist, was born August 22, 1868. She was educated in the schools of Aurora, Ill. At the age of nine she studied the violin under William Lewis and the piano under Miss Agnes Ingersoll, both of Chicago. In 1881 she went abroad to study with Shradieck in Leipsic and Dancla in the Paris Conservatoire. She also studied in England. Her debut was made with the New York Philharmonic society in 1884. After she traveled through the country for several years giving concerts. In 1892 she toured Germany and Austria. She played by command before King Edward VII, the Czar of Russia, the viceroy of Ireland and others. Miss Powell has played in most all of the important foreign countries. By many critics she has been placed in the front rank of living violinists, while all agree in recognizing her mastery of the instruments. In 1904 she married H. Godfrey Turner, of London, England.

ORIGIN OF SCALPING.

Will the Question Bureau kindly tell us something of the origin of scalping? Was it first practiced by the American Indians?—H. M. R., Richmond, Ark.

According to investigations made by J. N. B. Hewitt, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, scalping was practiced not only by the American Indians, but also, in early times, by most of the savage and barbarous nations of the eastern hemisphere, as the Scythians, Gauls, and other wild peoples of Asia and Europe. Sometimes the entire head was taken off in lieu of the scalp. After the scalp was taken, it was tanned and then stretched on a small hoop of wood, and the side opposite to that having the hair was painted in various colors, and even the hair was tinted likewise, sometimes the portrait or hieroglyphic device of the person scalped was placed on it. Those scalped did not always die from the effect. Money has been offered for scalps in war-time. The American colonies offered bounties for scalps. In 1724 Massachusetts offered about $500 for Indian scalps; 20 years later, during the French and Indian war, the French offered a bounty for British scalps, and the colonists for Indian scalps. In 1755 money was offered by Massachusetts for Indian scalps.

TAFT'S RELIGION AGAIN.

We have had an argument in our town about Mr. Taft's religion. A says he is a Protestant and B says he is a Catholic. Will you please inform us through the columns of your paper? We take The Blade.—A. J. H., Shelby, O.

In nearly every issue of The Blade for the past three months the above question has been answered. It is surprising that any reader could have overlooked the answers. Many times it has been stated that Mr. Taft is not a Catholic, but a Unitarian. In reply to one question the history and belief of Unitarians was given. Mrs. Taft is a member of the Episcopal church.

The Bureau hopes it will not again be called upon to answer this question. It is becoming tiresome.

MARSHAL NEY.

Please give a biographical sketch of Marshal Ney.—H. G. P., Marler, N. C.

Marshal Ney was born at Saarlouis in 1769. He was a noncommissioned officer in a hussar regiment when the revolution began, and afterwards rapidly rose to high military rank. For the capture of Mannheim by a coup de main, he was made a general of division in 1796. He was interior commander of the Army of the Rhine for a short time, during which he frustrated, by a bold diversion, an important movement of the Archduke Charles against Massena and the army of Switzerland. In 1805, he stormed the intrenchments of Elchingen, and was created duke of Elchingen. He afterward rendered important services in the Tyrol; contributed much to the French success of 1806 and 1807; and served in Spain with great ability in 1808-09, till he was dismissed by Massena, the commander-in-chief, on a dispute about the plan of the campaign. In 1812 he received the command of the Third corps d'armee, and greatly distinguished himself at Smolensk and the Maskwa, in consequence of which he was created prince of the Maskwa. He had a principal part in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, but after the capture of Paris he urged the emperor to abdicate, and submitted to Louis XVIII, who loaded him with favors. In the battle of Waterloo he commanded the center, and had five horses shot under him. After the capitulation of Paris, he yielded to the entreaties of his family to return to Switzerland, but a costly Egyptian sabre, a gift of Napoleon, led to his being suspected by an official and arrested. He was condemned to death for high treason, and was shot in the garden of the Luxembourg on December 7, 1815.

FIREPROOF PAINT.

Will the Question Bureau kindly tell me how to make fireproof paint?—A. C. G., Eureka, Mich.

To make fireproof paint take a quantity of the best quick lime and slack with water in a covered vessel; when the slacking is complete, water or skim milk, or a mixture of both, should be added to the lime, and mixed up to the consistency of cream; then there must be added, to the rate of 20 pounds of alum, 15 pounds of potash and 1 bushel of salt to every 100 gallons of creamy liquor. If the paint is required to be white, 6 pounds of plaster of Paris, or the same quantity of fine white clay, is to be added to the above proportions of the ingredients. All these ingredients being mingled, the mixture must then be strained through a fine sieve, and afterwards ground in a color mill. When roofs are to be covered, or when crumbling brick walls are to be coated, fine white sand is mixed with the paint, in the proportion of 1 pound of sand to ten gallons of paint; this addition being made with a view of giving the ingredients a binding or petrifying quality. This paint should always be applied in a hot state, and in very cold weather precautions are necessary to keep it from freezing. Three coats of this paint are deemed, in most cases, sufficient. Any color may be obtained by adding the usual pigments to the composition.

THE BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON

When, where and by whom was the battle of Armageddon fought?—C. K., Veterans' Home, Cal.

Armageddon was a great battlefield, upon which were fought the chief battles between the Israelites and their enemies. The modern city of Megiddo stands in the center of the tableland upon which this battle was fought.

NATURALIZATION LAWS.

Will you please inform me where I can find in the constitution or naturalization laws of the United States the clause that provides that allen's children are citizens of the United States?—C. B., Hope, Mich.

The conditions under and the manner in which an alien may be admitted to become a citizen of the United States are prescribed by the revised statutes of the United States, as amended by chapter 3592 of the acts of the first session of the 59th congress.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Please give in The Blade the origin of St. Patrick's Day.—S. L. B., Iron Station, N. C.

The Roman Catholic church observes St. Patrick's Day, March 17, in memory of the death of Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland. St. Patrick died March 17, in the year 493 or 495.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. A. T., Skidmore, Mo.: As we have said many times before Mr. Taft is not a Catholic, but a Protestant. As far as we know he is not a member of any secret order.

L. D. W., Madera, Cal.: Write to the postoffice department at Washington, D. C.

H. B. C., Mace Spring, Va.: Abraham Lincoln was a member of no church; we do not know what Presidents belonged to the Unitarians; President Roosevelt suggested the removal of "In God We Trust" from the United States coins, but congress voted against it.

H. U. F., Parsons, W. Va.: The term forty-niners was applied to those persons who rushed to California during the gold fever of 1849, just after the discovery of gold in that region.

W. M. B., Hillsboro, O.: The inventor of the first sewing machine of official record is that of Thomas Saint, on which a patent was granted in England July 17, 1790.

T. M. L., Rushville, Ill.: As we have stated innumerable times recently, W. H. Taft was born September 15, 1857, and is a Unitarian. J. S. Sherman was born October 24, 1855, and is a member of the Dutch Reformed church.

M. H., Victor, W. Va.: We have no record of the laws passed in Kentucky.

J. A. H., Allsboro, Ala.: Government whitewash will adhere to wood. It is cheaper than paint.

G. W. Bogard, Mo.: We cannot answer your question. See the rules at the head of the column.

H. M. M., Shelbyville, Tenn.: Mr. Taft is a Unitarian. An article on this religion was published in The Blade a few weeks ago.

D. M. R., East Chattanooga, Tenn.: The Bureau cannot go into the question of the history of the Baptist churches, which would be necessary to intelligently answer your question in regard to the Primitive Baptists.

"Alpine Shambles."

Pall Mall Gazette.

For more than half a century the Alps have been known as "The Playground of Europe." They bid fair to go down to future generations as its "slaughter house." The loss of life upon them during June and July has been simply appalling. In the immediate neighborhood of Grindelwald in the Bernese Oberland there have been no fewer than three fatal disasters, involving four lives and possibly more, for it is uncertain whether all the survivors will recover from their injuries. Yet Grindelwald is only one among a hundred climbing centers, and the mountains upon which these four deaths have occurred are in close contiguity.

The matter is all the more serious as the victims have been men whose lives were of value to the community, and not lightly to be thrown away. Two of the four were professors at Swiss universities.

The third fatality was due to pure folly. Two guileless climbers, despite warnings, glissaded down a dangerous couloir upon the slopes of the neighboring Wetterhorn, terminating in a precipice of several hundred feet. They paid the penalty with their lives.

July has closed with a still more fatal disaster. Three tourists have been killed by a fall from the Gabelhorn, near Zermatt, a very favorite climb with English mountaineers.

It is noticeable that so far all the fatalities upon the Alps (apart from the death of an Irish climber at Chamonix this week) reported this season have occurred to Swiss, Austrians or Bavarians —that is to say to natives—and all or nearly all have overtaken guileless climbers.

It would seem that every one born within sight of the Alps considers himself a competent mountaineer. A man might as weel regard himself as a "steeplejack" because born in the neighborhood of a factory chimney.

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Spinster and Her Crown

"I have been asked to give my opinion of the old maid—good, bad or indifferent," says Myra Hewes. "Is she fidgety and fussy, sour and crabbed and a calamity, is she a useful, happy member, or should she be put from the face of the earth altogether, bag and baggage? Please give your opinion unflinchingly and with candor."

Since I am not an old maid I can safely defend one of the most useful yet most abused class of my own sex without being suspected of being "sensitive about my age," or of trying to act kittenish.

It is our privilege to live in an age distinguished alike for the general diffusion of intelligence, liberality of sentiment, and a widely expanded benevolence. Both the pulpit and the press are teeming with earnest appeals in behalf of the various conditions of humanity, yet there exists a class of persons which, though generally regarded as peculiarly unfortunate, is usually overlooked by this charitable spirit. Old maids they are generally termed. A sour and disappointed old maid is a household word. If plump she is declared a bouncing old maid; if the reverse, a dried up old maid and ready to blow away.

If she goes on quietly about her own business she is said to be catlike.

I was thrown from an automobile recently. When I opened my eyes I found myself in a palatial home; some one was holding my hand intently, and a soft pair of big brown eyes, with tears glistening on the lashes, were smiling at me. A charming fellow? Alas, no! I regret to spoil a romance, but it was an old maid.

She was far past middle age, not a furrow creased her brow, her soft chestnut hair seemed powdered rather than streaked with gray, and her smile disclosed pretty dimples and teeth like pearls. Handsome, happy, charming. Thirty years ago, as she was pinning on her bridal veil, she discovered the perfidy of the man she was to marry. She now devotes her fortune and life to charity and good deeds. Disappointed in love? Well, hardly. There are hundreds like her.

Yet the old maid cannot conceal the supposed humiliation of never having taken a husband. Her "grief" is an open secret. She, therefore, is much more truly unfortunate than the happy pair she meets in her solitary walks, who may, and probably do, scratch each other's eyes out in the secrecy of their boudoir behind silken draperies; or the woman who adores a man she knows she cannot marry; or the woman who holds her husband's name, but not his love; the woman who is miserable every minute of her existence because she knows her husband is haunting places he should not. Then the mother, too, whose son has gone to the gutter, or whose daughter is absent. All these are the results of matrimony, yet the woman who prefers single blessedness is scoffed at.

Who began this ridiculing of single women? Strange to relate, three old bachelors! All were probably turned down good and hard.

How many circumstances might have occured to prevent our heroine's marriage? Perhaps death interposed, or her devotion led her to sacrifice her own happiness at duty's shrine, aiding unfortunate parents in the decline of life; perchance, like Florence Nightingale, she sacrificed her happiness to the cause of humanity.

But where now is the adulation once bestowed upon this once blooming woman? Is she less worthy of admiration, is not her mind more cultivated, are not her conceptions more elevated, her views of life corrected? Yet, instead of shining as a bright, particular star, she is ridiculed.

A Jeweler's Good Guess.

New York Sun.

Some one wanted to know without asking directly how long a certain woman had been married.

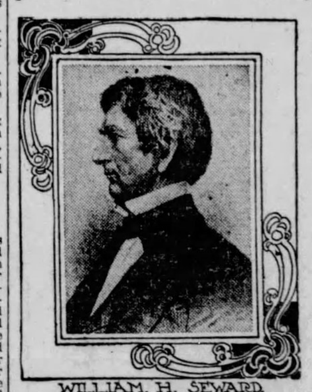
"About fifteen years," said a man, who is a jeweler.

"How do you know?" asked his wife. "You don't know anything about her. You never saw her until tonight."

"I can tell by the size of her wedding ring," said the man. "The width of wedding rings changes about every five years. Their size repeats itself at certain periods, but figuring that way the woman must have been married fourteen years ago, if not fifteen. She isn't old enough for forty-five, consequently she must belong in the fifteen year class."

Subsequent inquiry proved that the jeweler was right.

NOTABLE FIGURES IN NEW YORK'S HISTORY



WILLIAM H. SEWARD

A man whose visits in New York were only occasional, yet whose labors made an impression in the city, was William H. Seward, the eleventh governor of New York state and the secretary of state for President Lincoln.

On the night of Lincoln's assassination Secretary Seward was lying in bed, recovering from fractures received in a carriage accident, when an attempt was made on his life also. Mr. Seward's jaw was protected by a metallic arrangement worn while a fractured bone was setting, and this saved his life, although he was badly cut by the assailant.

His face always showed the scars left by the would-be assassin's wounds. Mr. Seward died in his native city, Auburn, N. Y., in 1872.

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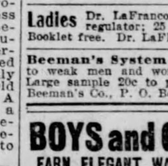

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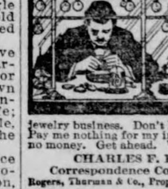

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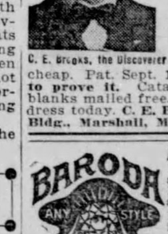

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BLOODED HORSES

Consular Report.

Minister William C. Fox writes from Quito that it will interest American horse breeders and others to know that the first attempt to import blooded horses from the United States to Ecuador has been very successful, the report continuing:

"This was done some months since under the auspices of the Quito Hippodrome association. The string consists of six Kentucky foaled thoroughbreds —one stallion (sired by Watercolor) and five fillies, all under two years old. These animals were brought via New Orleans and the Isthmus of Panama to Guayaquil, thence by rail to the vicinity of Quito. They stood the hard journey remarkably well, and are now in first-class condition, the high altitude having apparently no disturbing effects upon them.

"The sport of horse racing is well patronized in Quito and the meetings are important social events. The bringing of thoroughbreds from North America will create added interest, as they will compete with those of Chili. However, the native Ecuadorian horses, though small, are often very fast runners. Much interest is also being manifested in the prospective crossing of the Kentucky strains with the Chilian and Ecuadorian."

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Circulation Last Week 203,000

Senator Foraker is one of the sunspots of the current campaign.

Oklahoma is a young state, and will doubtless outgrow Governor Haskell.

Mr. Bryan seems just as sure of his election this year as he was in 1896 and 1900.

"Taft Will Carry Nation," says a headline. Bet she will rave when she reads that.

It is not probable that Governor Haskell will ever be selected to lead an uplift movement.

Those canned speeches must sound a little dull since the campaign has become so lively.

Buffaloes are quoted at $1,000 a head. Has the beef trust secured control of the buffalo market?

Why was Senator Foraker's letter so brief? He made use of only about six thousand words.

The present campaign is beginning to show symptoms of General Sherman's definition of war.

Mr. Taft, it appears, can get a splendid recommendation from every man for whom he ever worked.

It would make the average man tired merely to look at a map showing Mr. Taft's itinerary.

Besides being mightier than the sword, there are times when the pen has something on the stump speech.

Recent campaign events will, of course, help the prophets of both big parties in figuring out a November victory.

When a statesman starts out to make a noise like a has-been the country shows no symptoms of being thrilled.

Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, is bowing to the will of the people, but it gives him a slight stitch in the back.

This is a big country, but there is not enough room in it for both President Roosevelt and General Apathy.

If something isn't done to Castro pretty soon Venezuelans may begin to look upon him as an unspanked hero.

The Standard Oil company is without sentiment. It never puts flowers on the graves of the political hopes it has killed.

"You can't fall out of bed when you are already on the floor," says Mr. Bryan. The truth is mighty and must prevail.

Governor Haskell made a mistake when he neglected to put a clause in the Oklahoma constitution against Mr. Hearst.

Mr. Bryan has to make about twelve speeches a day to answer one of Mr. Taft's, and then the job is only about half done.

King Edward, it has been announced, is out of debt. Like the village blacksmith, he can now look the whole world in the face.

Japan has gone ahead and discovered a number of new oil wells, without asking the consent of the Standard company.

Now that he has been eliminated, it is scarcely to be expected that Governor Haskell will sing any of the campaign songs he has written.

The campaign was a little dull at the beginning, but it is getting lively enough, as the days go by, to suit all lovers of political excitement.

Prohibition nominees who make speeches on Sunday probably argue that prohibition is a religion on Sunday and politics on week days.

It doesn't require any great perspicacity to see why Senator Foraker didn't have a profound respect for some of President Roosevelt's policies.

Some credit will have to be given Senator Foraker. He does not claim his connection with the Standard Oil company was for the benefit of his health.

A New Jersey woman wants a divorce on the ground that her husband prayed for her wicked soul every night. Why didn't she have him arrested for assault and battery?

Mr. Edison may be taking a physical rest, but his imagination appears to be working over time when he predicts that we will fly to the north pole in forty minutes.

If Mrs. Gould can get the court to give her alimony amounting to $120,000 a year it will be much better than going into the dressmaking business or taking in washing.

It is said there are more blonde criminals than any other. Still, blondes who have managed for a lifetime to keep out of jail need not give themselves unnecessary worry.

Governor Haskell said he would not resign the treasurership of the Democratic campaign committee, and then he resigned. Which goes to show that man always has another guess coming.

Henry Gassaway Davis, candidate on the ticket with Judge Parker in 1904, is credited with saying he sees no hope for the Democracy. Mr. Bryan will probably argue that what this veteran Democrat needs is the services of an oculist.

HARMON'S MANSFIELD SPEECH.

The Mansfield speech of Judson Harmon, like ancient Gaul, is divided in three parts. Like modern gall it is a most amazing compound. It furnishes itself with three direct classifications—buncombe, sophistry and cowardice.

First, Mr. Harmon advocates and argues for the election of W. J. Bryan. And if that isn't buncombe after his twelve years of bitter denunciation of the Nebraskan, then the word should be stricken from the dictionary.

Secondly he seeks to make General Harris a party to, and responsible for, the shortcoming of such state officials as have fallen under the evil influence of the Republican bosses. Which, to the voters who know the governor's record, is the most obvious sophistry.

And thirdly, he absolutely ignores the one great issue of the campaign, dismissing the question of temperance legislation with a paragraph of patent cowardice.

If that Mansfield speech, without logic, without conviction, and without courage, is to stand as a true exposition of the character of Judson Harmon then indeed is it a happy thing for the state of Ohio that the re-election of Andrew L. Harris is assured.

FORAKER'S REPLY.

Measured by inches and feet Senator Foraker's defense is an impressive pronouncement. By any other standard it is unsatisfactory.

The central fact on which the senator builds his denial of Hearst's charges is his explanation of the $50,000 remittance from Archbold. The explanation of that point was unnecessary. Everybody had accepted the explanation he had made that the money was to aid in the purchase of an Ohio newspaper. The senator would speak more to the point if he would explain why he was so deeply interested in securing a Columbus organ for the Standard Oil Trust.

Mr. Foraker has not been charged with accepting bribes. He has not been accused of buying legislation at Washington. Hearst intended, perhaps, that such a construction should be placed upon the exposures, but neither President Roosevelt nor any other man has made or hinted at such a charge. The indictment against Foraker rested on the claim that, as the paid attorney of this biggest trust, he was more friendly to corporation interests than was consistent with proper representation of the people of his state. His attitude on corporation measures, his rabid opposition to Mr. Roosevelt, his vicious battle against the Taft nomination, all have been accepted as evidence of his ultra-friendliness to powerful and arrogant combinations of capital.

To that indictment Mr. Foraker has entered an unsatisfactory plea. His admitted attempt to gain control of a newspaper for Standard Oil or with its money needs explanation which the senator seems unable to furnish. He has not confounded his critics, nor even answered them.

The bitterness and venom of the reply were to be expected. Any man would fight hard at such a time, and even the senator's strongest enemies must admit that it is but natural that he should assail the character and motives of those who have questioned his.

The manner of his discussion of the Brownsville matter, however, is beyond reason. That a man who has accepted honors from the Republican party for four decades should seek to bolster his own cause by a rabid plea to race prejudice must shame his every friend and supporter. For fifty years the nation has faced a peril in this same race hatred. It is a danger that grows less as time goes on, but it is yet a menace of deep concern to thoughtful men of whatever color. And that a Republican senator from Ohio, in the cause of his own vengeance, should seek to fire the prejudices and hates of the races is an unhappy thing, and a shameful thing, and an unforgivable thing.

Joseph Benson Foraker has lost his case with the people.

CHOLERA.

The countries in Western Europe have reason to be disturbed greatly over the epidemic of Asiatic cholera in St. Petersburg. The Russian hasn't overmuch interest in personal sanitation, and the laws of cleanliness, as laid down in the cities and carried out perfunctorily, are beyond his understanding. It was inevitable that the infection would spread from the Volga, where it has had a firm foothold for many months. St. Petersburg is proverbially unsanitary. For all its beautiful palaces and its broad boulevards it has slums of the worst in Europe.

The menace looms greatest to Germany and Austria-Hungary. The quarantine regulations of the Germans are most severe and the disease is hardly likely to become epidemic in their country. But with the southern neighbors the laws are neither so strict, nor the provisions of combating germs so effective or scientific. If the cholera appears in Italy or France it will have, in all likelihood, come through the Austrian empire. Once in France, Great Britain will be forced to adopt the most heroic means to keep it to the mainland. In this, England will have the highly efficacious aid of Germany, and here a political result is suggested. In fighting the disease the two most progressive nations of Europe will, of necessity, be allied, and this will tend to smother enmity between the two countries and perhaps quiet for all time the threats of war.

There is direct communication between Russia and the United States. It becomes the duty of the health officers of the Atlantic ports to be especially vigilant in their examination of immigrants. New York and Boston must watch for signs of the plague and every American municipality will lose nothing by looking now to its safety.

ARCHBOLD'S COMRADES.

John D. Archbold certainly enjoyed acquaintance with a large number of notables and near-notables. His calling list is of unusual length and marked by the frequent appearance of names of some distinction in the public rolls of the country. Every day or so the people learn a little bit more of the remarkable number of friends upon whom Mr. Archbold could depend in the hour of need. They were truly the friends indeed.

On Thursday evening, through the kindly agency of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the country obtained knowledge of another one of these gentlemen prepared and willing to leap to the aid of Mr. Archbold, who, for all his wealth and high standing in the social world, seems to have been confronted, from time to time, with much trouble. This new one was John L. McLaurin, former United States senator from North Carolina, a Democrat in politics and belonging to the aristocratic wing of the party in the south. Mr. McLaurin has been as modest as the other charitable persons ever anxious to help Mr. Archbold out of tight holes. He never told his love, but, as in the case spoken of by Master Shakespeare, let concealment "like a worm i' the bud," feed on his damask cheek. At least he never told it to the great public, which is tremendously interested in love affairs of the sort. General McLaurin discovered that there were things in North Carolina in which the welfare of Mr. Archbold was vitally interested. The general wrote him about it and the letters, in the way that little things sometimes do, brought to the eager ear of the people the tale of the McLaurin willingness to sacrifice his time and his energies to that wonderful collector of friends, Mr. John D. Archbold. Ten chances to one, now that the story of his generosity is out, the former senator hates like sin to hear his praises sung.

How many more of these princely comrades of Archbold are going to be marched into the limelight only the publicist Hearst knows. He is simply great on this hero worship business. And yet so retiring are the friends of Archbold they would give almost anything if Hearst would only keep still.

THE ROOSEVELT LETTER.

The letter of Mr. Roosevelt addressed to Conrad Kohrs, of Helena, Mont., is one of the most remarkable ever written by an American executive. It is more than a word said in praise of a former cabinet officer, or a judicious review of the good points of a successor of whom he heartily approves. The underlying tone speaks of a genuine affection for the Ohioan. Mr. Taft, in all likelihood, will accept it less as a boost for his candidacy than as an expression of deep friendship and we have read the character of Mr. Taft poorly if we do not learn that he was greatly moved when the letter met his eyes in the newspapers. For it is most probable that he was not consulted as to making it public. And it would be characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt to wish to surprise Mr. Taft that way.

While the President scrupulously refrains from mentioning the name of Bryan he aims at him when he says there can be but one direct heir to his policies and that is William Howard Taft. The St. Paul speech of the Democratic candidate for the presidency claims precedence for the inheritance, declaring "I am next of blood in the reform business." As a lawyer, Mr. Bryan will certainly recognize the right of a man to will his possessions as it best seems to him, subject, in this case, only to endorsement by the people.

The letter contains also a reply to those who have charged that Mr. Taft has given only half-hearted support to radical alterations in the laws and the processes of government.

"We have had the same views," the President writes, "as to what is demanded by the national interest and honor, both within our own borders and as regards the relations of this nation with other nations. There is no fight for decency and fair dealings which I have waged in which I have not had the heartiest and most effective sympathy and support, and the policies for which I stand are his policies as much as mine."

Which ought to settle that side of the discussion.

The letter indicates that when Mr. Taft is elected president, as it is assured that he will be, there will be neither fear nor favor in the governmental departments. Rich and poor will be treated with equal fairness. The attempt to place the railroads more nearly under federal control will continue. Timber and land frauds will be prosecuted as severely and as tirelessly as before. The campaign against the Standard Oil company and other monopolies accused of breaking the laws against trusts are not to cease. There must be a healthier moral tone in the conduct of business as well as in the making of legislation. In short, the Taft administration will be no less a strong one than the seven years under Theodore Roosevelt.

The President has said nothing which the friends of Taft did not already know. He has but given reassurance to the wavering.

ARMY FOOD.

Our soldiers have been eating too high. The food they employed in the mistaken idea that it went to make up muscle and brawn and cheerfulness has not merely gone to the stomach. There are evidences, they say in Washington, that it has gone to the feet. And anyone knows that when one's feet begin to get too large for the shoes, when one feels that he is walking on gravel, he is in receipt of the early symptoms of gout, the disease of kings and the overfed.

So the war department is going to simplify the army menu. It is suspicious as to the quality of the things of its garrison tables and its maneuver camps. It must have heard some old timer remark that the "grub" was all right and therefore knew that something was wrong. Where the army cook book is to be modified, altered, or reformed the dispatches are irritatingly inexplicit. They fail to state where the new cookery is to set in, where the luxuries will cease and the simpler dishes take on greater prominence.

The famous fundamental, beans, we are sure will not be tampered with. True, it has been said that beans have killed more men than bullets, but that assertion has not been verified. It may be merely a slander. The soldier may continue to expect beans upon the days laid down for their serving in the regulations, mostly boiled, but sometimes baked.

But that sly condiment, the mixture of catsup, pepper sauce, horse radish and vinegar, dear to the heart of the "rookie" and abominable in the eyes of the hospital dispensary, may be barred. Black coffee, too, has possibly lost favor with the department in these days when coffee is daily attacked in the advertisements. And that complicated bit of pastry, the hardtack, is doubtless doomed. It is a great thing for the march, being handy to throw at the birds on the fence rails, and has a great standing with the enlisted men, because it can be written upon with a pencil and will not shatter into pieces when cast toward fair ladies at the station platforms. The army commission which is to study the bill of fare is very likely to decide against that other indulgence, "salt horse." It is approved by the cooks, for it is easy to prepare, but it has sometimes been known to founder the young and untried who have stowed away quantities in excess of two or three pounds.

The work of converting the kitchen will have its easiest time among the luxuries mentioned. When it attacks the necessities like rice pudding and tobacco, the sliding will be tougher. Then it will have to combat the institutions, the three and four enlistment men. Many a commission has met them and their Waterloo at the identical time and place.

AMERICAN DINNERS.

An Englishman, interviewed recently for the usual expression of his impressions of this country, said that the only one worth remarking was the astonishing boredom that Americans succeeded in mobilizing at their dinners. These were like some of the ceremonial feasts he had read about in Thackeray, but had never before believed were quite true to life, and, in another way, they suggested some of the more harrowing details of the Spanish Inquisition. The reporters asked him where he had been martyred. He answered, at Newport and Tuxedo.

There must be something in this besides an Englishman's grumpiness and habitual disregard for the custom of speaking well of the man whose salt one has eaten. For in an admirable satire presented in a current periodical an imported butler notes the difference between the gayety at his old master's home in England, where he often found difficulty in passing things among the guests, and the frigid, ill-at-ease at the American table, where everyone seemed to feel as if on inspection. Deep gloom hung over the dinner until the servants were in danger of slicing it up and serving it with the ices.

It would be a pitiful case if the ways of Newport and Tuxedo—provided the pictures are true—were to be taken as the fashion elsewhere in America. For it is one of the famous traditions that ease and cheerfulness prevailed at our tables as strongly as the art of cookery ruled in our kitchens. Remember the comfortable dineners in the west, at which the host would eat his heart out with shame if he thought his guests were bored, and then try to imagine the affairs of Tuxedo and Newport! The thing is almost a crime. It is the blasting of one of the most prized institutions of our country. Literature has been builded about our dinners. Certainly lots of it has gained its inspiration there. Romance has been born at many a hospitable board. The pangs of tragedy have been soothed, quarrels have been reduced to trifles, and peace and lasting friendship sealed before the dessert was brought in. To think that the poetry of the American dinner might die, that its music might cease to be sung, that its humor and boundless animation be reduced to a funereal satire, would be a conception a degree less woeful than the banishment of the Declaration of Independence from the school histories.

Fortunately the two great gathering places of the overrich of our citizens set the fashion in only a few matters, such as clothes and certain childish foolishnesses. If the English visitor had come west he had had another story to tell, and the sombre butler would have strained the muscles of his face out of all shape trying to hold it to its professional woodenness.

BEAUTY AND RAILROADS.

The Schuylkill division of the Pennsylvania company has come to the conclusion that a railroad must not necessarily be ugly and an eyesore just because it happens to be a railroad. This part of the line runs through districts where the people have been accustomed to use the roadbed as a dumping ground. The company has not only been put to a great expense in clearing up the rubbish and garbage, but it has learned that there is a loss, definite and real, through the reputation for offensiveness of that division.

The company is about to spend some thousands of dollars in beautifying the right of way and has appealed to the municipalities and residents for cooperation. Once the line is cleaned up, every tomato can carted away, the banks sodded and the weeds shorn, the people are urged to aid in maintaining the good looks of the scenery.

Several lines throughout the country have been making it a practice for years to park the station grounds. Many towns have derived benefit through this fine spirit on the part of the railroads, and the movement has been responsible for relieving hundreds of communities of a fatal slatterniness. But, for the most part, the improvements have been confined to the depot plots. The right of way through the country, with a few exceptions, has been permitted to grow as hideous as it pleased. Beyond the roadbeds are strips of ragged scars, half weeds, half mud. Piles of discarded ties smoulder and cast their clouds of smoke across the scene. The open cuts are staring bluffs of rock or yellow clay. Every effort is spent to make the bed smooth and comfortable and safe for the traveler. Not a moment's consideration is given to what is presented to his eyes. There is no reason, except in custom, why a railroad should be a blot upon the landscape, why it should trench a ditch of earth through the land and turn it over to the weeds and the pools and the poor torn soil to make the best of it. The Pennsylvania railroad is starting a worthy reform. We hope it will spread to other lines and shortly interest the officers of companies serving Northwestern Ohio.

If the right of way beyond the cities is made to look somewhat more respectable, perhaps, in the course of the ages, the railroads will tear down the tumbling fences about the yards, maybe they will see that the streets which border the yards cease to be, in turn, the dirtiest and the dustiest and the muddiest in town, they may come to think it worth while to put up freight depots that don't look like cowbarns, long fallen into disrepute with the milk inspectors.

STANDARD OIL AND COMPANY.

The keen analysis and illuminating clarity of President Roosevelt's habit of thought and of diction, were never more strikingly illustrated than in his discussion of the wretched Foraker scandal. The President hits hard and straight and surely. And he never spoke more truly or more convincingly than when, in advocating Judge Taft's election, he said:

"To defeat him will bring lasting satisfaction to but one set of men, namely, to those men who, as shown in the correspondence published by Mr. Hearst, were behind Mr. Foraker, the opponent of Mr. Taft within his own party, and who are now behind Gov. Haskell and his associates, the opponents of Mr. Taft in the Democratic party."

There lies the crux of the matter—the defeat of Foraker and the elevation of Haskell. Backed by the same evil influences, serving the same corrupt master, they have fought the same battle to the same end. Foraker, whipped and humiliated by his party, stands, in his defeat, as a living testimonial to the freedom of the Republican organization from corporation domination. Haskell, raised to new responsibilities and power, demonstrates beyond question the evil influences that are represented in Bryan's struggle for the presidency. Judge Taft refused, with all finality, any alliance with Foraker. Mr. Bryan accepted with all eagerness the support and close association of Haskell. Judge Taft, in his pre-convention campaign, needed the support of Foraker in Ohio. And refused it. Mr. Bryan, in his eager office quest, needed the aid of the corporation tool Haskell. And accepted it.

There never was a clearer case. Every word of the Hearst charges is an indictment of the influences and motives of the Bryan campaign. Every word a vindication of the honor and the honesty and the patriotism of the Republican candidate. If Standard Oil backed Foraker it opposed Taft. If it backed Haskell it supports Bryan. Defeated, in the person of Foraker, in its effort to control the Republican party and dictate the Republican nomination, it is victorious in its effort to place its creature Haskell high in the councils of the party that is seeking to win the election of a President and a national congress.

There is no escape from the deduction. It follows "as the night the day." It is as plain as that two and two make four. And in the minds of men who have wavered in their support of Taft, who have listened to the demagogic clamoring of the opposition, the effect must be telling and lasting. The American voter does not love the Standard Oil trust. And it will love it less in the light of the revelations of its debauchery of public men.

THE SCRAMBLE IN LONDON.

London wishes to move faster. The spirit of hustling has come over the metropolis. It is no longer content with the omnibus service, which swings along at the gentle trot best suited for sightseeing, but vexatious to the man trying to catch a train. And moreover the city demands that the underground cars travel as if they had some place to go to and were not merely killing the minutes until teatime.

Of course, it will be claimed that the English are catching the desire for speed from America. This would be flattering, inasmuch as imitation is supposed to be most pleasing to the imitated. But the Briton has not been given to stealing ideas from this side. He comes over here not to get pointers, but rather to point out flaws. That is his specialty, his instinct. If an Englishman should visit you you might spread out for his delight all the good things of the earth. You might quarter him in rooms where the windows will open, give him the joy of wallowing in a porcelain bath tub, show him every consideration and hospitality, and yet, if he be of the true native insular sort, he will tell his neighbors at home how the servant maid at your house failed to black his shoes when he set them out in the hallway before climbing into bed.

No, if London is beginning to insist on the local transportation systems transporting, it didn't get the fever from America. It must be from some cause we cannot, at this distance, understand. It might be distress over the fact that the English athletes at the Olympiad could not run or jump. The impatience might be caused by anxiety over the success of continental nobles in capturing western heiresses over British competition. But this is pure speculation. We await the official consular report on the phenomenon before commenting further.

HASKELL.

The waters of Lethe rise to drown the political trickster, the governor of Oklahoma. He is approaching at express speed that destination where he is to be forgotten, obliterated. The toils tighten about him and he flounders like a steer roped in the lasso of one of his own clear-eyed, steady-handed fellow prairie men.

To those who have known the career of Haskell in this state, who were aware of the sort of politics he concerned himself in and the business deals he became a party to, the President's excoriation was mild indeed, as the governor's attorney general remarked. The brand wasn't nearly as hot as the case demanded. It removed only the thicker sections of the hide where, in all justice to the country and the Democratic party, which should know the kind of a treasurer it has, the iron ought to have bitten somewhere about the bone. The governor calls the President's letter "a joke on Roosevelt's stupidity," which shows that the man is still able to posture and dodge as readily as ever.

When Haskell comes to Ottawa, his old home town, this state will obtain the first opportunity in some time to behold the governor in person. He may be expected to offer his strongest defense when he faces his former fellow citizens. And it will be interesting to hear him reiterate the charges that the Monnett records applied not to himself, but to an obscure officeholder in Washington. Doubtless there will be some remarks as to the character of the attorney general of Oklahoma, who declares that Haskell quashed the injunction suits against the Prairie Oil and Gas company so that this subsidiary concern of the Standard could invade the fields of farmers, the property of town dwellers, cross highways and trench a right of way across the state without leave or license. There will be all this shouting in defense at Ottawa, no doubt, and—as in the instances thus far shown of his perfidy—not an iota of proof to back him up.

It seems only a question of days when the Democratic campaign committee will jettison their treasurer. In the meantime, the candidate for the presidency continues to swing his arms and employ his mighty lungs to protect the honor of a man he had every means of knowing before the selection of a collector of funds.

It won't do, Mr. Bryan. Your man has been caught with the goods. Neither he nor you can make the American people think him guiltless, and how much less the state of Ohio, which has past acquaintance with Haskell? The whitewash brush you use but splatters your own coat without succeeding in thoroughly covering your agent.

WICKEDNESS AT COBALT.

The horrors of mining camps are proverbial. Vice drifts to them like a cottonwood log to a Missouri river sandbar. The vagabonds of the earth, the outcasts and the ne'er-do-wells just naturally can't keep away from the mushroom towns born of the riches underground. Sin, as a rule, seems all of a piece as you compare mining town communities. One camp is about like another, the difference being mainly in degree.

A writer who visited Cobalt the other day found an exception there. Vice has rung a new change, has found a new expression. The dissipations of the honk-a-tonks do not beguile the miner with his week's heavy wage in his pocket. The grog shops provide him not with the sort of steam and general trouble which a miner's heart is supposed to crave. The Cobalt miner cares for none of these. His peculiar tastes pursue another form of depravity.

The writer aforementioned walked along the streets and studied the places of barter and sale. He found twenty candy stores, six of them in one block. A glance within showed the rough and bearded miners swigging down ice cream sodas, or nursing spoons around plates of nut sundae. The trade in "sasspariller" was simply marvelous. It exceeded the call for red shirts and sardines, the leading staples of the non-liquor stores of most mining camps.

"They were orderly, lawabiding candy stores," wrote the visitor, "without even so much as an automatic piano in them to grind out irreverent music. The stranger in town asks to be directed to the dance halls and the groggeries. He is told that there are no such places. If he wishes excitement he may go to the Salvation Army barracks or to the three moving picture theatres."

The candy line is extraordinary. It runs from the simple gob concentrated about the head of a slate pencil to the fine chocolate bonbons with French names. There is no limit to the dissipation in this direction. Without a spark of shame the rugged ore diggers lay in their supplies of sweetmeats on Saturdays and dose themselves into stupid satiety of Sabbaths.

The extent to which the miner will carry his vices is appalling. And still, as Bret Harte has told us, he is a kindly hearted, generous soul for all his gruffness and his weaknesses. We wonder what manner of men is developing out of these soda sots of Cobalt.

THE STEEL OUTLOOK.

The steel mills have a chance, a bare chance, of leaping back to the normal running and output within the next month or six weeks. A great amount of new work is planned throughout the country and the ironmakers of Pittsburg have been rushed recently for estimates and schedules. It is now asserted by the officers of the companies that if orders are placed for this work the furnaces and mills will have all the business they can execute in the winter months.

However, the steel folk will be counting their chickens before the hatching if they really look for these orders to come in. While business is picking up at a great rate, it is still moving ahead with some degree of caution. Promoters are probably responsible for many of the inquiries at Pittsburg, which, of course, don't carry the assurance with them that the writers will soon be wiring for deliveries. There is plenty of money in the banks and a big part of it will be staying there for some time to come. For a year or two enterprise is very likely to show more caution than boldness and imagination. The work for the mills may be expected to come in gradually, without excitement or confusion.

One encouraging thing is remarked, though, among the orders to the United States Steel Corporation. This is the large number of renewals called for. The railroads have been running as economically as possible ever since the panic broke in October a year ago. They are now at the bottom of their stocks and must have material, or permit their roadbeds and equipment to fall into actual decay. The contracts they are making now are for small amounts as compared with those arranged for in the height of prosperity, but spring will undoubtedly force a broader scale of purchase.

It is estimated that the business of the steel works fell to 40 per cent below normal in the course of the depression. The recovery has been excellent. Some of the more optimistic declare that it is not improbable that the steel production records will be broken before the close of 1909. This must be taken with a few grains of salt. But, at the same time, it is encouraging to discover that such an opinion is entertained. It ought to go far to aid the return of confidence and the restoration of commerce and industry to the point termed normal.

No doubt there are many quiet, peace-loving men who wish they could leave their business and go to the North Pole until the campaign is ended.

Mr. Bryan says he is running against two. But that wouldn't worry him if he felt that he were running fast enough to win the race.

Mater Dolorosa.

Because of one dear infant head
With golden hair,
To me all little heads
A halo wear;
And for one saintly face
All babes are fair.

Because of two wide, earnest eyes
Of heavenly blue,
Which look, with yearning gaze,
My sad soul thro,
All eyes now fill mine own with tears
Whate'er their hue.

Because of little death-marked lips
Which once did call
My name in plaintive tones,
No voices fall
Upon my ear in vain appeal
From children small.

Two little hands held in my own,
Long, long ago,
Now cause me as I wander thro'
This world of woe
To clasp each baby hand stretched out
In fear of foe.

The lowest cannot plead in vain—
I loved him so.

—C. C. Hahn.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

After having been a faithful devotee of the automobile two years or more, Mr. Bragdon suddenly was seized with a violent fancy for motorboats, says Harper's Weekly. "A beautiful river runs by this town," he said. "Why not have some enjoyment out of it? In a motorboat you don't have to dodge policemen and rural constables."

So he bought one, took a day's instructions in the art of managing it and keeping the machinery in running order, and started out on his first trip with it one bright morning in July.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned home. He came in by the back way. His clothes were water soaked, and he had a generally limp and bedraggled appearance.

"For pity's sake, Alfred!" exclaimed his wife. "What has happened to you? Did the boat upset?"

"No, Lucy," he answered. "Don't say anything about it, and I'll tell you. The boat's all right, but when I had been out on the water an hour or two something went wrong with the motor."

"Well?"

"Well, before I—er—knew what I was doing I was over the side of the boat trying to get under it to fix the thing."

The late Mrs. Clara Dewey How, of Philadelphia, whose philanthropic work among immigrants made her well known, had a trenchant wit, and one afternoon in Philadelphia, discussing the woman suffrage movement with a clergyman, she said:

"You men are all alike. You all resemble the orphan that Mrs. Stanton and her friends brought up. Mrs. Stanton and a body of ladies from her church, all interested in woman suffrage, once took a little newsboy from the gutter and educated him superbly. They sent him through school and college and finally made a minister of him.

"This young minister, the work of their hands, preached his first sermon in their church. That was a proud Sunday morning for the god ladies. They thought ing for the good ladies planted among the male sex a strong and splendid supporter. So, in their best bonnets, they filled the church that Sunday morning. They were on tiptoe with expectation. Who could tell but that their young charge might preach in their honor a woman suffrage sermon?

"Imagine their emotions when the youth arose in the pulpit, looked calmly and even sternly over the congregation and announced that his text would be from St. Paul:

"'Let the women keep silence in the church.'"

A little Scotch boy's grandmother was packing his lunch for him to take to school one morning. Looking up into the old lady's face, the boy asked:

"Grandmother, does yer specs magnify?"

"A little, my child," she answered.

"Aweel, then," said the boy, "I wad just like it if ye wad tak' them off when ye're packin' my loonch."

A seaman in our navy, fresh from the long battleship cruise, entered a bank in San Diego, hailing the teller, according to Success Magazine, as follows:

"Hello, matey! How's business?"

"Business isn't any too brisk," replied the teller, indulgently, "but maybe it'll pick up. What can I do for you?"

The jacky produced a check for $30, payable to bearer.

"How will you have it?" asked the teller.

The genial seaman hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"Matey, seein' that business ain't so good, I won't be hard on you. Gimme ten dollars now, an' I'll take the rest at ten a month."

The trust and dependence which characterized the Rev. Mr. Brown's attitude toward his wife's judgment in all practical affairs were sometimes touching, but occasionally they were amusing.

"I'm sorry you've been troubled with the toothache," said the family dentist, when Mr. Brown appeared in his office one day. "I gave you the first minute I had free after receiving your wife's telephone message. Let's see, which tooth is it that's troubling you?"

"M-m, it's not aching just at present," said Mr. Brown, after a moment's hesitation, during which he made a cautious investigation with his tongue. "Didn't Mrs. Brown mention to you which tooth it was? I always rely on her in such matters."

A physician in a small town in northern Michigan got himself into a serious predicament by his inability to remember names and people. One day while making out a patient's receipt his visitor's name escaped him. Not wishing to appear so forgetful and thinking to get a clue he asked her whether she spelled her name with an e or i. The lady smilingly replied, "Why, doctor, my name is Hill."

"Mr. Edison," said one of the great inventor's assistants, "is going to abandon commercial work and go in for pure science. He will drop electricity for a time in favor of chemistry. He hopes that in these new fields he will not become a crank.

"Mr Edison believe, you know, that overmuch research—research that has no practical or commercial end in view—tends to make a man eccentric. For example, he points to a friend in Flushing, a young student of chemistry.

"This old man, a retired musician, whenever there comes a ring at the doorbell, goes to the door himself, a bottle of ink in his hand. Without a word of warning he throws the ink over his visitor's coat. Then, in answer to the visitor's protests, he laughs and says:

"'Nonsense! It's all right. Come this way. I have something to show you.'

"He leads his guest to the kitchen, dips a rag into a bottle of cleansing fluid of his own invention, and rubbing briskly the ink-stained garment, he rattles away, as glibly as a street vender:

"'This liquid is not corrosive. It removes, cleans and dissipates, with one application, all stains, smears, grease, paint'—and so on for ten minutes or more.

"'This old man rarely, if ever, restores these inky coats to their original condition, and every failure he says reproachfully to his guest:

"'Well, well, well! It isn't all wool.'"

The Bishop of Richmond in England told a story the other day about his father. "He was a farmer," said Dr. Pulleine, "and a nice old gentleman, too. One year he took it into his head to grow flax. So he sowed the seed, and, having a good crop, sent it away to be made into a table cloth. Some time later when seated at dinner he remarked to a lady near him, 'Do you know, I grew this tablecloth myself.' 'Did you, really?' she answered, with the greatest surprise. 'How ever did you manage it?' 'Well'—most mysteriously—'if you'll promise not to tell anyone, I'll tell you. I—planted a napkin.'"

"Pigeon feeding in Madison square will soon become as famous as at St. Mark's, in Venice, if things keep up at this rate," observed a New Yorker who was near Twenty-seventh street and Madison avenue the other morning when the pigeons that make their home in the garden tower were being fed by a man from a neighboring stable. "A few years ago there weren't enough pigeons here to be noticed, but now they swarm around anybody who appears with a measure of oats or a newspaper package of crumbs. The other morning I saw a man practically covered with pigeons which were eating grain from his shoulders, the brim of his hat and out of both hands. This pigeon feeding is getting to be one of the free sights of the city."

Varieties

The average life of a ship is about twenty-six years.

New York city consumes 718,000 pounds of butter each day.

Nat C. Goodwin, the actor, files suit for divorce from Maxine Elliott.

No British sovereign has vetoed a parliamentary bill for the last 190 years.

One pound of cork is sufficient to support a man of ordinary size in the water.

Vessels move faster through deep water with the same amount of power.

In Austria and France the provision of rescue apparatus in mines is made compulsory.

A great deal of the Oriental tobacco trade is controlled by a British-American concern.

The tobacco industry of France is a government monopoly yielding $90,000,000 a year.

Andrew Carnegie sets aside $1,250,000 as a hero fund for the benefit of his native land.

The average value of land on Manhattan Island, according to the assessment, is $272,173 an acre.

Hamburg has more firemen in proportion to her size than any other city in the world.

Five hundred and fifty dollars has been paid for a single specimen of the Antimacus butterfly.

The fourteen public libraries of Chicago contain 1,432,931 volumes, not including pamphlets and maps.

Formic acid is coming into vogue in Germany and England as a remedy for tuberculosis and kidney troubles.

A Danish expedieiton has gone to Greenland to teach the Eskimos how to fish profitably by modern means.

Wu Ting Fang, Chinese minister at Washington, is to be replaced by Chung-Men-Yew, who has left Pekin.

In the first of a series of articles on life and experience John D. Rockefeller defends the methods of the Standard Oil company.

New York city has twice as many telephones as London, four times as many as Berlin and six times as many as Paris.

New York city's water supply will come from a watershed of 900 square miles when the Catskill system is completed.

The aged inventor of the Mauser rifle has now perfected a weapon which fires twenty-five shots at a single loading.

Reports on labor conditions throughout the country received by New York unions show better wages and more employment in many sections.

Samuel Gompers charges that President Van Cleave of the Manufacturers' Association sought to bribe him to betray the cause of union labor.

Adolph Zinert, a Frankfort, Germany, slaughter-house employe, has killed 5,000,000 hogs during the last twenty-seven years.

After eliminating the immigrant increase to the population of New York city it is growing annually 65,000 by natural accreation.

Norwegian sardines are entering the United States to the value of nearly $800,000 a year, a more than threefold increase in only two years.

Reports from the men who have been in the Maine woods this month indicate that one of the most successful hunting seasons for a long time is at hand.

There is no important seaport between Portland, Me., and Portland, Ore., that has not one or more through railway passenger trains from Chicago daily.

Liquor Dealers' Protective association of Illinois meets in annual convention at East St. Louis and hears report of the year's work and denunciation of the forces opposing the saloon.

The department of agriculture has demonstrated that Chinese and Japanese bamboo can be profitably grown in the United States, and will experiment with drought-resistant forms from India.

The largest number of aliens employed in New York city are in the clothing industry, and it is because nearly all of the manufacturing is done in cities that the immigrants are segregated there.

Turnips and radishes came originally from central Europe. The beetroot and the beet, which have been greatly improved by cultivation, are considered of the same species by botanists. The beet only the stalk of which is eaten, grows wild in the Mediterranean, Persia and Babylonia.

The area of Gatum lake (Panama canal), will be 164.23 square miles, and the normal level of the surface of the lake will be eighty-five feet above the sea. The Gatum dam will be practically a mile and a half long, half a mile wide at the base, with a crest 135 feet above mean tide, and the top thickness of the dam will be eighty feet.

About 250 buffalo, remnant of the famous Pablo herd recently purchased by the Dominion government, will be taken from Montana and placed in the new buffalo park on Baltic river, a thousand miles northwest of Winnipeg. The animals now are being rounded up in Montana and will be brought north in special trains.

It was said by a Kansas woman, who recently returned from a trip to Europe, that wet weather never bothers this country at all in comparison with what she saw abroad. She says that they ran into a town named Venice where the water covered every street and you couldn't get anywhere except in boats. She added: "You bet we only stayed one day in that slosh."

A French line of steamships is establishing a service of large passenger and freight steamers from San Francisco down the west coast of South America, through the strait of Magellan and up the east coast of Africa to Pernambuco, stopping at all the principal ports. The sailings will be one each six weeks for the present. This should help American Pacific coast interests, particularly in dried fruits, flour, wines, lumber and other things, saving the sending to Europe and back again.

It has been the custom until recently for British submarines to carry white mice, peculiarly susceptible to the fumes of petrol. Their squeaking served as a warning in the case of accident. Several weeks ago the British admiralty ordered that the mice should be carried no longer. The first reported ill effect of the discharge from service of the white mice occurred on July 25, when the crew of No. 8 torpedo boat was overcome by escaping petrol fumes and, when rescued, found unconscious, though later resuscitated

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2551—Ladies' Shirt-Waist, with plastron yoke, three-quarter sleeves and a removable shield. Plaid taffetas with shield and collar of all over lace was used for the development of this charming model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2213—Ladies' Shirt-Waist, with or without plastron yoke. Viyella flannel was used for the development of this neat little waist. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2376—Girls' Dress, with a separate guimpe having high or low neck and long or three-quarter length sleeves. An excellent model for any of the neat worsted materials. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1737—Child's Plaited Dress, with round yoke. A pretty little model for heavy linen, challis, mohair or serge. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2432—Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt, closed at left side front, with an inverted box-plait at center-back seam. An excellent model to be worn with a separate shirt waist will develop well in most material. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2563—Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt with Inset Sheath Panel. Chiffon, broadcloth, cheviot, serge or tweed are best suited for a skirt of this description. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2578—Misses' Corset Cover, closing at back, with front yoke, and with or without ruffles. Nainsook, lawn, jaconet or batiste with motifs or hand embroidery. This is a very charming undergarment. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2224—Boys' Bath Robe, with or without collar and hood, together or with either alone. Flannel, flannelette or elderdown are all adaptable to this style. 6 sizes—6 to 16 years.

1529—Girls' Box Coat in Seven-Eighths Length, and with applied plaits. Serge, broadcloth, cheviot or tweed are all used for the development of coats of this description. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2148—Ladies' Waist, with Girdle, three-quarter length sleeves and body lining. Black and white crossbarred taffetas with a yoke of all over cream colored lace. This will be suitable as an evening waist. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

1624—Ladies' Sack Apron, with high neck, turn-down collar or Dutch, round or square neck. Gingham, percale, linen or duck are all adaptable to this model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2459—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with or without back yoke facing. Linen or flannel make up well in this style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2480—Misses' Tucked Shirt Waist. A good model for any of the season's shirtings. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1556—Girls' Dress, with or without Body Lining. Developed in French worsted, serge or tweed, with yoke of contrasting material. This is a neat little model for best wear. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2372—Girls' Sailor Suit, consisting of a blouse, with yoke and double collar, and a gathered skirt joined to the underwaist, having a shield facing. A very neat model for serge, mohair or any of the French worsteds. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2579—Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt, closing at left side and having a habit back. Serge, cheviot, broadcloth, tweed or Venetian cloth are all adaptable to this model. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2569—Ladies' Nine-Gored Maternity Skirt, with extra length at top and extra width under front box plait for readjusting and having an inverted box-plait at the back. A good model for any material. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

1540—Ladies' Gymnasium Suit, consisting of a blouse with long or elbow sleeves and bloomers joined to the blouse. Mohair, serge, or flannel are the best developers for this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2448—Ladies' Combination Corset-Cover, Drawers and Short Petticoat. Nainsook, Persian lawn, jaconet and batiste makes this a charming undergarment. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2303—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with high or low neck and long or three-quarter length sleeves. A pretty model for taffetas, with yoke and cuffs of all-over lace. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2223—Ladies' Work Apron, Over Sleeves and Cap. The set here illustrated was developed in blue-and-white checked ginghams. 3 sizes. Small, medium and large.

1852—Girls' Jumper Dress, with a separate guimpe. Dark red serge, with guimpe of fine white batiste, yoke and cuffs of all over embroidery, make this a pretty little frock, for every day or best wear. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2349—Boys' Russian Suit, with detached Eton collar, and knickerbockers. Made of serge with a fine linen turndown collar and tie, make this a charming little suit for best wear. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

236—Ladies' House Dress, the waist with or without short body lining, and a five-gored skirt joined to the waist. Figured percale, challis or jaconet develop well in this model. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

SHOWS UP GOV. HASKELL

President Replies to Bryan Relative to Haskell's Connection With Standard Oil.

Washington, Sept. 24.—In a long letter last night President Roosevelt answered the telegram sent to him Tuesday by William J. Bryan in regard to the charges against Gov. Charles N. Haskell, the Democratic campaign treasurer.

The President devoted nearly the entire day to the preparation of his reply. He called into consultation most of the members of his cabinet and a number of outsiders.

His first act was to summon Col. W. C. Haskell, sealer of weights and measures in the District of Columbia, whose name was mentioned by Gov. Haskell as the "other Haskell," who probably was involved in the Hearst charges. Col. Haskell was with the President for an hour. He denied any knowledge of the affair and assured the President that he had never been connected with the Standard Oil Co. in any capacity.

Later the President summoned Postmaster General Meyer, R. A. Ballinger, of Seattle, a member of the Republican advisory committee, and others. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon nearly all the members of the cabinet were summoned and a conference was held, lasting more than two hours.

The reply is highly satisfactory to the President and his cabinet. Members of the cabinet, especially Secretary Straus and Postmaster General Meyer, pronounced the President's reply to be simply overwhelming and one calculated to cover Mr. Bryan with confusion and embarrassment.

Passes Over Ohio Charges.

In his reply the President does not attempt to give detailed proof that Gov. Haskell was involved in the alleged attempt to bribe former Attorney General Monnett, of Ohio. He dwells almost entirely on the governor's action in dealing with the injunction suit brought against the Prairie Oil & Gas Co. He appropriates Secretary Straus' output in which the latter showed from testimony taken in the Standard Oil hearing that the Prairie Oil & Gas Co. was owned by the Standard.

He says that Gov. Haskell's close relations with the Standard Oil interests while he was in Ohio was a matter of common notoriety. The President denounces the action of the governor in dismissing the injunction proceedings against the Prairie Oil & Gas Co. "as inexcusable as it was wanton." He invites Mr. Bryan to contrast the action of Judge Taft "as regards Senator Foraker with your action in the case of Gov. Haskell."

The President reminds Mr. Bryan that when he selected Gov. Haskell for treasurer of the Democratic committee he must have been familiar with what he had done in the Prairie Oil & Gas. Co. injunction matter. Mr. Taft, according to the President's letter, "refused to be a party to the renomination of Senator Foraker, even though it was represented that only thus could he advance his own interests."

Reply of the President.

President Roosevelt's reply to Mr. Bryan is as follows:

"The White House,
"Washington, September 23, 1908.

"Dear Sir: In your telegram you speak of so much of the charge against Governor Haskell as dealt with his relations, while in Ohio, with the Standard Oil company. You omit the charge as to his relations with the Standard Oil interests, as shown by his action while governor of Oklahoma, this very summer, this action being in part taken while he was at Denver, where, as you state, he was by your wish made chairman of the committee which drafted the platform upon which you are standing.

"In my statement I purposely made no specific allusion to the Ohio matter, and shall at this time make none, in spite of its significance, and in spite of the further fact that Governor Haskell's close relation with the Standard Oil interests while he was in Ohio was a matter of common notoriety.

"In Oklahoma it is a matter of court record. By that record it appears that the attorney general of the state, elected by the people, obtained an injunction to prevent the Prairie Oil & Gas company from building a pipe line, and that Governor Haskell found this out while he was at Denver, as appears by the representations for the dissolution of the injunction made in his name on behalf of the state before a court of superior jurisdiction to that which issued the injunction.

"In this the governor states that the acting governor, in his absence, had asked that the hearing be postponed until he, the governor, might return and have an opportunity to investigate the controversy. The governor sets forth in his petition that he is the sole authority to determine such matters, and that the attorney general and the judge of the lower court represented 'an encroachment by the judiciary.'

"The attorney general stated that the Prairie Oil & Gas company was a foreign corporation which had not accepted the provisions of the constitution applicable to such corporations, and that without authority of law it was employing a great force of men and teams to dig up, across, and into various highways of the state for the purpose of laying its pipe lines. The governor prevailed, the injunction was suspended, and the pipe line was permitted to continue its work. To use the words of the attorney general, 'without any color of law.'

"I call your attention to the fact that the question is not whether or not the judge erred, or whether the injunction was proper. The point is that the governor was alert to take out of the hands of the attorney general what the attorney general felt was his sworn duty to prevent, an alleged instance of the breaking of the laws by this particular great corporation.

Makes No Defense.

"As far as I have seen Governor Haskell has not even attempted anything which can be called a defense of this action of his, it thus appears that his action was as inexcusable as it was wanton, except on the theory that in defiance of the attorney general of the state and at all hazards he intended for some reasons of his own to protect the interests of a great corporation against the law.

"It has been suggested on his behalf, after all, he did not favor the Standard Oil company, but merely the Prairie Oil and Gas company. This claim is disposed of by the testimony of the Standard Oil company itself, taken in the latter part of 1907, in the suit now pending before the United States court at St. Louis against the Standard Oil company. In this testimony the Standard Oil company, upon being required by the government to put a list of all the companies in which it held stock, or in which its subsidiary companies held stock, reported, among the others, the Prairie Oil and Gas company, total capital $10,000,000, of which the National Transit company's proportion was $9,999,600; and, furthermore, it appears that the National Transit company had a capital stock of $25,455,200, of which the Standard Oil company owned $25,451,650. In other words, this Prairie Oil and Gas company was owned, all except $500, by the National Transit company, and this National Transit company was owned, all except about $3,550, by the Standard Oil company.

"Now contrast your action in this case of Governor Haskell with Mr. Taft's action as regards Senator Foraker, as set forth in his letter of July 20, 1907, which I quoted in my statement. It was a matter of common notoriety about Senator Foraker, as it has long been a matter of common notoriety about Governor Haskell, that he was the defender and supporter of certain great corporate interests and therefore hostile to the policies for which the administration has stood. There was no such convincing proof against Senator Foraker at that time, however, as there was against Governor Haskell, when, as you say, he was with your approval made treasurer of your campaign committee.

"But Mr. Taft refused to be a party to the renomination of Senator Foraker, even though it was represented that only thus could he advance his own interest, showing by actual deeds that his words were true when he said, 'I do not care for the presidency if it has to come by compromise with any one on a matter of principle.' With a hundredfold clearer evidence before you as to the connection of Governor Haskell with the Standard Oil company than Mr. Taft then had as to the connection of Senator Foraker with any corporation, you nevertheless, having secured Governor Haskell as chairman of the committee to write the platform on which you stand, put him in as treasurer of your campaign committee.

Haskell Unfit.

"Let me add that Governor Haskell's utter unfitness for any public position of trust, or for association with any man anxious to make an appeal on a moral issue to the American people, has been abundantly shown wholly irrespective of this action of his in connection with the Standard Oil interests. As an American citizen who prizes his Americanism and his citizenship far above any question of partisanship, I regard it as a scandal and a disgrace that Governor Haskell should be connected with the management of any national campaign. I have not the space in this letter to discuss Governor Haskell's conduct, for instance, in vetoing the child labor bill, or the fact that his name appears as one of the defendants in various suits brought by the government to prevent the Creek Indians from having certain of their lands fraudulently taken, or his connection with various other matters of the kind, but let me call your attention to his conduct in prostituting to base purposes the state university, as set forth in an article in the Outlook of September 5 last under the heading of 'Shall the People Rule in Oklahoma?' In this article you will see that Governor Haskell was given full opportunity to make every explanation and that he made none. After setting forth the facts as to Governor Haskell's conduct, the Outlook article concludes as follows:

"'On this state of affairs we have two comments to make and two questions to ask.

"'The people of Oklahoma are taxed to support their educational institutions from the primary school to the university. They pay their money to have their children educated. When the politicians use this money to promote the interests of a political machine or a church sect, they are guilty of a breach of trust. What do the taxpayers of Oklahoma think of the use which their public servants are making of the public funds? What do they think about this financial policy—the taking of the money due their sons and daughters and diverting it for the benefit of politicians, ecclesiastical and civil?

"'Governor Haskell was one of Mr. Bryan's right-hand men in the Democratic convention, and, at Mr. Bryan's instance, has been made treasurer of the Democratic national committee. It is appalling to think what would be the results in the educational systems of the Philippines and Porto Rico, in the digging of the Panama canal, in the work of irrigation and reforestation, in the administration of the postoffice, the interior and agricultural departments, in the appointments of foreign ministers and consuls, if the spirit which has actuated the Democratic authorities in the state of Oklahoma should be permitted to take control of the federal government at Washington. Governor Haskell, by actions which speak louder than words, has declared his disbelief in Grover Cleveland's motto: "A public office is a public trust." And Mr. Haskell is a representative leader in the Bryan Democracy. What does Mr. Bryan think of Mr. Cleveland's principle? What do the American people think of Mr. Haskell's contemptuous reversal of it?'

Says Facts Are Shown.

"You close your telegram by saying that you expect and will demand fair and honorable treatment from those who are in charge of the Republican campaign. I am not in charge of the campaign, but am greatly interested in it. I have shown you above fairly and honorably that Governor Haskell is a man who, on every account I have named, is unworthy of any position in our public life. No further investigation of these facts is required. They are spread on the records before you, and they were available before Mr. Haskell was chosen for his position as treasurer.

"You also say that you will not permit any responsible member of the Republican organization to misrepresent the attitude of your party in the present campaign. You will have no difficulty in getting me either to misrepresent it aright, for my sole anxiety is that the people of the country shall understand this attitude clearly and shall then condemn it as it should be condemned.

"You say that you have advocated more radical measures against private monopoly than either I or my party associates have been willing to undertake. You have, indeed, advocated measures that sound more radical but they have the prime defect that in practice they would not work.

"I should not in this letter to you discuss your attitude on this question if you did not yourself bring it up; but as you have brought it up I answer you that in my judgment the measures you advocate would be wholly ineffective in curing a single evil, and so far as they had any effect at all would merely throw the entire business of the country into hopeless and utter confusion.

"I put Mr. Taft's deeds against your words. I ask that Mr. Taft be judged by all his deeds, for he wishes none of them forgotten. I ask that you be judged both by the words you wish remembered and by the words that seemingly you and your party now desire to have forgotten. I ask that your present plan for regulating the trusts be judged in connection with your past utterances that you did not believe in their regulation but in their destruction; and again, in connection with your past utterances to the effect that only government ownership by a complicated national and state system of railroads would avail; and again, by your past utterances when you proposed to remedy all the sufferings of our people by a depreciated currency.

"For several years now I have been steadfastly fighting to secure thoroughgoing and far-reaching control in the interest of the public over the great business combinations which do an interstate business. In this effort I have been as much hampered by the extremists, well-meaning or otherwise, who demanded visionary and impracticable radicalism, as by those other extremists, no less dangerous, who stand for the reactionary refusal to remedy any grievance. One side, the side on which I am obliged to say you have placed yourself, has shown itself to be just as much the enemy of progress as the other. I hold it entirely natural for any great law-defying corporation to wish to see you placed in the Presidency rather than Mr. Taft. Your plans to put a stop to the abuses of these corporations are wholly chimerical; how chimerical your last plan is you will yourself see if you read Governor Hughes' speech at Youngstown, O. To recall to your mind what Governor Hughes said I quote as follows:

"'When we consider these (proposed) remedies (of Mr. Bryan against the trusts) we find ourselves journeying in a land of dreams. Again the magician of 1896 waves his wand. At a stroke difficulties disappear and the complex problems of modern business are forgotten in the fascination of the "simple panacea." The most important proposal of Mr. Bryan is "that any manufacturing or trading corporation engaged in interstate commerce shall be required to take out a federal license before it shall be permitted to control as much as 25 per cent of the product in which it deals,' and no corporation shall be permitted to control as much as 25 per cent of the product in which it deals," and no corporation shall be permitted to control "more than 50 per cent of the total amount of any product consumed in the United States."

Asks Meaning of Project.

"'It might be interesting to inquire what is the meaning of "any product consumed in the United States." Does it refer to a class of commodities? And if so how shall the classes be defined? Or does it refer to each separate article of commerce? And if the latter account does this proposal take of the skill and initiative of manufacturers who have built up a more or less exclusive trade in particular articles often protected by trade marks, although in most active competition with other articles designed for the same general purpose and seeking the same market? In a desire to correct the evils of business are we to place an embargo upon honest endeavor whose activities present none of the abuses requiring remedies? And, if not, what statutory definitions shall be found to be adequate and just if we lay down our prohibition in terms of volume or ratio of business and not in terms of right and wrong?

"'If we adopt Mr. Bryan's proposal, to what period of production is the prohibition to apply? Is the excess for a day or for a month to be considered? Or is the average production for a year to be taken? And what system shall be devised by which suitable information may be furnished in the nature of danger signals along the routes of trade so that the manufacturer may know when he is about to exceed the prescribed ratio? He may justly be required to govern his own conduct, but how shall he be apprised of the conduct of others upon which is to depend his guilt or innocence?'

"Let me repeat that no law-defying corporation has anything to fear from you save what it will suffer in the general paralysis of business which any attempt on your part to reduce to practice what you have advocated would bring. This paralysis would affect the wage-workers, the farmer, the small business man, more than it would affect the great business man. But it would affect the latter, too. Therefore I have and believe that all far-sighted citizens who wish to see this country prosper in material things will support Mr. Taft. But, above all, I ask for support for him because he stands for the moral uplift of the nation, because his deeds have made good his words, and because the policies to which he is committed are of immeasurable consequence alike to the honor and interest of the whole American people.

"Very truly yours,
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"Hon. William Jennings Bryan, Lincoln, Neb."

GUARANTEED DEPOSIT BANK COLLAPSES IN OKLAHOMA

Institution to Which Bryan Pointed as Example of Efficacy of Democratic Scheme, Fails Because of Large Loans Made to Officers.

Washington, Sept. 25.—The failure of the National Bank of Colgate, Okla., evoked much interest among the cabinet officials today, in view of William J. Bryan's reference to that institution as an evidence of the desirability of a law guaranteeing bank deposits, and it was expected the matter would come before the cabinet meeting. Secretary Straus, of the department of commerce and labor, said today:

"It is well for the public to know what the facts are concerning this bank. The president of the bank owed it something over $6,000, and the cashier owed about $4,600, according to the Southwestern Banker, of Kansas City. Mr. Whitson, the assistant bank commissioner, is authority for the statement that the bank was perfectly solid, its cash and sight exchange being 60 per cent of the deposits.

"In view of the fact that the officers were indebted to the bank in the amounts stated at the time the bank was permitted to qualify under the guarantee law, it is hard to understand why the bank was closed for an offense committed prior to the time it was permitted to operate under the new guarantee law."

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A JOKE, SAYS HASKELL

Thus Tries to Dodge the Grave Accusations Against Him.

Guthrie, Okla., Sept. 24.—Governor Charles N. Haskell last night issued a statement to the Associated Press in reply to President Roosevelt's letter to William J. Bryan, dealing with four specific charges against Mr. Haskell, namely, that he is subservient to Standard Oil, that he vetoed a child labor bill, that he dealt extensively in Creek Indian lands and that he had allowed politics to dominate him in the removal of members of the faculty of the state university and the appointment of others to succeed them.

Governor Haskell took up the four charges as dwelt upon by President Roosevelt in turn, dealing with each in a characteristic manner.

The Prairie Oil & Gas company charges, Governor Haskell declared to be "a joke on Roosevelt's stupidity," asserting that he had done nothing which would confer upon the Standard Oil subsidiary company more authority than it already possessed under the franchise granted it by Secretary Hitchcock.

Governor Haskell will depart Sunday to make a speaking tour of Ohio. Among other places he will visit is Ottawa, the Governor's old home town.

Governor Haskell's Defense.

The statement in full follows:

"To the Associated Press—President Roosevelt's letter is before me, and while this is the first time in my life I have been made the subject of a cabinet meeting, I am thankful for the distinction and I wish to express my high regard for the office of the President and my profound respect for the wisdom of our fathers in making it possible to change the occupant of that high office every four years, without the right granted to a crown prince to succeed the king.

"I assert that it is fair for me to assume that if my case was to be dignified by an all day cabinet meeting, that beyond question Mr. Hearst and his campaign associate, President Roosevelt, left no stone unturned to blacken my character. That being true, they certainly raked Ohio fore and aft concerning the Ohio Standard Oil cases of 1899 and finding absolutely nothing reflecting on me, the President tried to waive his charge of last Monday aside by saying, 'He will make no allusion to that.' He drops this also, because his original statement was untruthful, and he must know, from what he knows and tried to find in Ohio, that I spoke the truth when I said that I never, in all my life, had any interest in connection with nor service for that company.

"I say the President knows now that my statement is true, and I regret that he tries to brush it aside without doing me candid justice. Were I to adopt the character of language so commonly used by the President, I would spell it in fewer letters than 'falsehood.'

"Mr. Roosevelt, I hope to speak in Ohio soon. May I hope to divide the time with some partisan of yours or Prince William, who will defend your action in this instance?

"President Roosevelt comes to Oklahoma and finds a substitute for his Ohio failure. Does he, in the case of the state against the Prairie Oil & Gas company, which he complains I compelled to be dismissed?

"Yes, I did have it dismissed. We all know that the Prairie company is a Standard offspring, and don't forget, President Roosevelt, I have known this also; and I charge that the political allies, Hearst and Roosevelt, both know that I acted properly.

"First, the Prairie Oil company got its franchise in our state; not from me, but from Roosevelt's secretary of interior, long before statehood began, and had its main line built and operating, and congress, in our statehood bill, was careful to declare that our new state, when organized, must respect all such vested rights and existing franchises. That was all I did, and the federal courts stood ready to call me down if I violated the Roosevelt territorial franchises.

Federal Pipe Line Grant.

"Now, Mr. President, why did your secretary of interior grant what you knew to be a Standard Oil pipe line franchise in our then helpless territory and fasten it in our new state by a permanent statehood bill? Will Mr. Hearst or the President please answer? I will also remind the President that the company tried to enlarge its rights so as to include a gas, as well as an oil privilege. This I defeated; and even last April, Mr. President, your secretary of interior tried to help the Standard Oil gas privileges against my protest by actually granting them a franchise by an interstate pipe line, also. I was notified the secretary that with statehood your days of giving valuable franchises in our state had passed and I would resist laying the pipe line only after you yielded and cancelled your unlawful act.

"I again assert that my act in that case was not only required by what federal authority had been unable to do, but that the public interest of our own people, based on conditions growing out of your original special favor to the Standard Oil company in granting that franchise required me to pursue that course in the case you criticise.

"The President comes to the local affairs of our state and assails me for vetoing a child labor bill.

"True, I did so, simply because the bill went too far and included things not desired by our people. Union labor representatives approved my veto. I hope the President will survive this veto of a local bill and permit us to run our local affairs.

"The President complains that we removed certain professors from our state university, our three state normal schools and preparatory school in violation of civil service rules. That is, the President, in his usual impetuosity and disregard of others, misstates the facts. Less than one-fifth of the faculties are changed. All changes were for good cause, other than politics, and done by boards of regents and not by the governor. The President complains that there are several suits pending against me to reclaim Creek Indian land. The President should have gone farther and said that I was not a dealer in Indian land and only came in as a subsequent purchaser and only incidentally a party without personal interest at all; and especially he should have said that it is quite apparent that those who are being sued in those land cases appear to be, and apparently are, the victims of political chicanery, which the President can better explain than I.

Charges Ward Politics.

"In short, the President and Mr. Hearst picked the wrong man and are now driven into ward politics rather than surrender like men.

"The President assumes that all Oklahomans are grafters, just because his territorial associates justified that name; that all ex-railroad contractors are bad, just because Paul Morton needed his protecting arm; that we all in Oklahoma violate the civil service law, just because Mr. Roosevelt removed the best United States marshal we ever had, for the only reason that he voted for a good Democrat instead of a bad Republican, and then the President appointed his cousin to fill the vacancy.

"As to the rights of labor in a child labor bill and my work in the interest of labor, Mr. President, please remember with me is to do things. With you it's talk only. You are the same President who threatened to turn down our constitution because it provides a jury trial in certain contempt cases. Don't forget, Mr. President, I flatly dared you to make that objection. But as the price of your approval you did compel us to cut out the prohibition of removal of personal injury cases against foreign corporations from state to federal courts and several other good provisions that would benefit humanity and curb special interests. In contest with your own threats against our constitution, you sent Secretary Taft here to speak in our campaign a year ago to induce the people to vote to turn down the best constitution ever written. We remember that we preserved Mr. Taft's speech. It differs widely from his speeches of this year.

"Knowing all these things, the President must pardon us for thus taking issue with the occupant of the high office we all respect. Let us hope that in the future he will appreciate and preserve its dignity and not try to reflect upon the character of a humble citizen. He fail to concede his false position when he knows it is false.

"C. N. HASKELL."

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HERRICK SEES MENACE IN THE BANK DEPOSIT SCHEME

Former Ohio Governor Opposes the Oklahoma Plan in an Address Before Bankers in Session at Omaha.

Omaha, Sept. 25.—The guarantee of bank deposits was the chief topic for discussion at the twelfth annual meeting of the Nebraska Bankers' association here yesterday. More than 100 bankers attended. Three Oklahoma banks took part in the discussion. O. J. Fleming, of Enid, favored the guarantee plan; E. W. Hogan, of Oklahoma City, and C. N. Gilbert, of Lawton, opposed the scheme. The president, J. P. A. Black, also opposed it.

Former Governor Myron T. Herrick, of Ohio, said in part:

"There is apparently no great demand on the part of depositors for this guarantee. Its prominence at this time is due to the opportunity that it affords to catch the unthinking by specious arguments. Should such a measure become a law could I, with self respect, say to those whose funds I have in my charge that although their bank is sound and their deposits secure, as they have been for sixty years past, hereafter a portion of their savings must be used to reimburse the depositors of failed banks from the Philippines to Porto Rico, and from Alaska to Florida, and admit to them that I had done nothing to prevent such confiscatory legislation?

"The only influence that the guarantee of deposits might have prior to a financial collapse is that of increasing deposits through unwise loans. Panics have their origin in industrial and financial conditions, of which bank deposits are but one manifestation. It is doubtful that the guarantee of deposits would restrain people from withdrawing their funds in the mad frenzy of a panic.

"The guarantee of bank deposits has no just connection in justice, economies or ethics. Such a law would be decidedly inimical to the welfare of the citizens of this country."

TAFT SUGGESTS REMEDY

Would Have Commission Decide on Labor Disputes.

New York, Sept. 23.—An extract from a letter written by William H. Taft, the Republican presidential candidate, giving his views on the settlement of industrial disputes, was made public yesterday by the Republican national committee. The letter was written to R. D. Silliman, of the law firm of Choate & Larocque, of this city.

The paragraph relating to industrial disputes, in which Mr. Taft advocates the establishment of a commission to investigate and publicly report upon them, is as follows:

"I favor, so far as the settling of industrial disputes is concerned, the maintenance of an official commission for the official investigation, at the instance of the executive, into the merits of the controversy and their publication.

"Of course, this could be accompanied by a voluntary submission to the decision of the arbitration, but this investigation I would have made at any rate and the report published. The force of public opinion is generally strong enough to bring about a peaceful result."

OIL KING AS AN AUTHOR

Tells of Eventful Life in Series of Articles.

New York, Sept. 23.—John D. Rockefeller appears for the first time in the role of author in a series of articles on "Some Random Reminiscences of Men and Events," the first of which will appear on Friday in the October issue of The World's Work.

The articles are accompanied by facsimile reproductions of Mr. Rockefeller's cramped but careful handwriting, in which he sets forth in autobiographic style what he terms "The events, great and small, which have made up the incidents of his work and pleasure."

"It has not been my custom to press my affairs forward into public gaze," he says, "but I have come to see that if my family and friends want some record of things which I might shed on matters that have been somewhat discussed, it is right that I should yield to their advice, and, in this informal way, go over again some of the events which have made life interesting to me."

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CAMPAIGN IN FULL BLAST

Sherman and Beveridge Begin Activities in New York.

New York, Sept. 23.—Today marks the real opening of the Republican presidential campaign in New York. After a brief campaigning tour in New Jersey, James S. Sherman, the Republican nominee for the vice presidency, came here last evening and today made a noon-day address. Mr. Sherman will talk over campaign plans with Chairman Hitchcock, of the national committee.

To night at Carnegie Hall Senator Albert J. Beveridge will reply to William J. Bryan's Indianapolis speech on "Business and the Trusts." This will be the first of a series of speeches by Senator Beveridge in reply to Mr. Bryan on various campaign issues. He will speak in nearly every large city between New York and Chicago.

HASKELL GOT OFF EASY

So Declares the Attorney General of Oklahoma Relative to the Charges.

Guthrie, Okla., Sept. 24.—"President Roosevelt's statement concerning Governor Haskell's alleged Standard oil connection seems to me a very mild rebuke," declared Charles West, Democratic attorney general of Oklamoha, when shown the President's letter to William J. Bryan by an Associated Press representative last night.

Mr. West's statement is as follows:

"The President's statement as to the Prairie Oil and Gas company suit is less than the whole matter in its whole iniquity, because on the 23d of April I had informed the governor that the action taken by the Prarie company was illegal and should be enjoined and that I had an open injunction suit. On that time, April 23, the governor agreed with me as to the illegality of the action and approved the bringing of the injunction. The same day the governor left the state to go to Denver the Prairie company started its trespass. This, I believe, was prearranged between the governor and the Prairie company, as the Prairie company rushed the laying of its pipe line during the absence of the governor from the state.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

Thy wonderful, grand will, my God!
Triumphantly I make it mine;
And faith shall breathe her glad "Amen."
To every dear command of Thine.

MONDAY.

Think of the time when I shall meet
the loved ones,
Their welcome smile shall radiant on
me beam,
When we shall speak of heaven's eternal glory
And of the life that vanished like a dream.

TUESDAY.

Whatever adds in even the smallest way to the world's brightness and cheer is worth while.

WEDNESDAY.

Never was there a cloud which has not passed,
A storm, however long, which did not cease;
And though our way be darkly overcast
By sorrow's shade, beyond is sure release.

THURSDAY.

Trust God and take courage. If He has seemed to set bounds to your path, and hedged you in, be assured that there is for you a broader, higher and grander mission than any you have yet conceived for yourself.

FRIDAY.

And thou, fallen sout, afraid to live or die
In the deep pit that will not set thee free,
Lift up to Him the helpless, homeward cry,
For all that tender love is seeking thee.

SATURDAY.

Open the mind today, let in
Strong, noble thoughts which banish sin;
Open the heart's door wide, let in
Sympathy sweet for all our kin.

MOTHER'S GINGHAM APRON

ELIZABETH AYRES

Here's to mother's apron,
The gingham one, with strings;
Here's to all the household joy
The wearing of it brings.

Here's to all that apron does
With little mother in it!
I cannot say enough in praise,
And so I won't begin it.

Somewhere I found the little verses quoted above, and they seemed to bring back the days when "mother did the work." There are still many mothers who "do the work," and still many gingham aprons worn with strings, which are frequently used for reins by the little ones who patter in mother's footsteps, playing pony.

Mother's gingham apron is sometimes a sign that she has so much to do, she don't know what to do next. Clinging hands are warned to keep away until the washday rush is over. Then, off comes the apron, with its working gown underneath, and on goes the afternoon dress. While it is known in the family traditions that mother is "dressed up," the children feel perfectly free to clamber over her and to pat her cheeks and hair.

There are days in the week when mother wears her apron, that the house smells deliciously of fresh bread and cakes in the making. The children know the little "try cakes" will fall to their share, and that warm and fragrant slices of bread, thickly spread with butter and sugar, will be a part of their "between meals piece."

On these days, mother's apron is blotched with flour which is flung about so vigorously that it powders her hair, and makes her look twice as pretty. There is a great beating together of flour and milk and eggs and sugar, with now and then an anxious tasting with the spoon, after the flavoring has been put in. Here is the point where comes much imploring from the children to "let me have the dish," because they know it is almost time to pour the mixture into the pans for baking, and they want what is best.

The one who has behaved the best during this exciting occupation, is usually the one who gets the dish to scrape; and, if he is generous-minded, it is often he will share both the spoon and the scraping of the bowl with the other children.

When mother is hurrying around with her apron strings flying behind her, she is generally plying a broom which means that "sweeping day" has come and mother is making the dust fly out of corners where it should not be hidden. The children recognize the fact they are better out of the house in cleaning time, though if trouble or hurt befalls them there is mother's gingham apron on which to dry their tears and have their hurts made well.

There is a good deal of sentiment in mother's apron, aside from its practical purpose. Memory goes back to days when faces, tear-stained with childish woes, turned to the comforting place where loving hands were laid on one's head, and loving words came from lips that said: "There, there, dearie; you mustn't take on so. You've always got mother."

Therein, so long as her life endures, is the great comfort of living.

"You've always got mother." Though the world forsakes you and fortune is lost, "you've always got mother."

Croesus of today may still remember the solace and joy of mother's apron, and the frugal practices that attended its wearing. The rich man's children or his children's children, probably have no such memory, but there's many a seemingly hard and ruthless money-getter whose mind harks back to the simple days of mother and her gingham apron.

There are gingham-aproned mothers in these days whose lives, while they are devoted to their homes and children, still have heart and thought for those less fortunate and for things that will make the world better.

Mother and her gingham apron is not a departed figure. She works and loves much at home, but in her big heart there is room for unfortunate outsiders. And so:

Here's to all that apron does
With little mother in it!

THE "GOOD ANGEL" OF OKLAHOMA

KATE BERNARD.

Everybody in Oklahoma calls her "Kate." If the stranger from the east asks a citizen of Guthrie where Miss Barnard's office is a puzzled expression will first appear, then the difficulty will be relieved as he replies, "Oh, you mean Kate," for Kate Bernard is to Oklahoma what Jane Addams is to Chicago, its First Citizen.

She was born in Nebraska twenty-seven years ago, of southern parentage. But the mother died at the daughter's birth, and the little girl's life was one of hardship and poverty. At first cared for by one of her relatives, she was later put on the 160 acres of Oklahoma land which her father had claimed while he made a living in the nearby city. The burden of loneliness and responsibility which her young head bore, instead of embittering her life, has given her the warmest sympathy for the unfortunate, especially for the children of the poor.

Later she was sent to a convent, then taught in the public schools, and with the building up of the family fortune in that land of opportunity she went to Oklahoma City to keep house for her father. A devout Catholic, she frequently brought to her father-confessors the ambition she had of wider service, but was as often met with the old-fashioned advice, generally the best that can be given, that her place was that of housekeeper in her father's home. But she made an application to be put in charge of the exhibit which the thriving young city of Oklahoma was to make at the St. Louis exposition, over 350 competitors. At St. Louis she attracted the attention of other exhibitors and received flattering offers to do similar work at the Portland exposition.

But she received the sage advice from a newspaper man, who had some knowledge, that there was room for an unexampled career of usefulness in Oklahoma, city and territory. He advised her to geather some of her girl friends about her as the nucleus of a charity organization, and, find first, some employment for the hundreds of stranded people who had found their way to the newly opened lands and newly built cities. She took this advice, and after making some investigations into the condition of the unemployed, she wrote one vivid statement for the newspapers that brought to her doors in one day ten thousand garments and stacks of furniture. She found 400 children, many of them living in tents, all of them destitute, and she clothed them and shod them and brought books for them and packed them off to school. Her success stirred the city, and it recognized her capacity at once. Other charity societies came together in the Provident association, elected Kate matron, and provided an income of $600 a month for her disbursement.

In the October American Magazine A. J. McKelvey presents a character sketch of "Kate" Barnard, who was recently elected commissioner of charities and correction in Oklahoma in a whirlwind campaign. They call her the "Good Angel" of Oklahoma. She is certainly a power in her state, as shown in the following paragraph from Mr. McKelway's article:

"While matron of the United Provident association she became the controlling spirit in the political life of Oklahoma City. She was the only one who could vote the slum independently of the saloon, and, if need be, against the saloon. 'Hello, boys. Where are you going?' she would say to a group of barroom bums, towed to the polls by a saloonkeeper. And while the saloonkeeper looked helplessly on she would remind them that she had sent John's little girl to school, and had nursed Tom's wife through the spell of pneumonia, and had found a decent of clothes for Jim, and had gotten work for them all—in fact, had helped to raise the wage-scale for work on the streets from $1.25 to $2.25 a day. And then she would tell the boys that they must vote against the bad candidate for mayor and for the good one, because the good one was a friend oif hers, and the boys would follow her meekly to the ballot-box. Thus she elected first a Republican mayor, and then a Democratic mayor, each time by a plurality of 700."

When the President signed the bill that made Oklahoma a state, she was inaugurated along with the other state officers and given offices in the senate building.

The politicians come and go through the state offices and call on the governor and the lieutenant governor and the speaker. But they make a mistake when they do not stop to shake hands with Kate, if they want something done that is worth while. And through her little office on the top floor there pours a steady stream of people all day long, people whom she has met in her campaigns over the state, or people who want to meet her—farmers, merchants, club-women, preachers, teachers. Now a delegation of miners come to look at the mine inspection bill, and to be assured by Kate that it was all right, and that Pete, the mine inspector, was straight. Now a committee of laundry girls, who complain of their long hours. And Kate sends some of them on to visit their senator or representative before they return home, and tell what the people at home want done for the children, or the miners, or the insane, or the consumptives. She knows the game and plays it well, and it is for humanity that she is playing it.

Oklahoma is making history for itself, perhaps in some respects for the nation. Some enthusiasts go so far as to say that it is the new birthplace of democracy. Already some of its ideas are spreading to the border states. But the one who sits on the throne of influence and power at this history-making time is a woman, and everybody calls her "Kate."

THE POETS' CORNER

THE CHEMISTRY OF CHARACTER

By Elizabeth Doten.

John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in His wisdom created them all.
John was a statesman, and Peter a slave,
Robert a preacher, and Paul—was a knave.
Evil or good as the case might be,
White, or colored, or bond, or free—
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in His wisdom created them all.

Out of earth's elements, mingled with flame,
Out of life's compounds of glory and shame,
Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,
And helplessly into life's history thrown;
Born by the law that compels men to be,
Born to conditions they could not foresee,
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in His wisdom created them all.

John was the head and the heart of his state,
Was trusted and honored, was noble and great.
Peter was made 'neath life's burdens to groan,
And never once dreamed that his soul was his own.
Robert great glory and honor received,
For zealously preaching what no one believed,
While Paul, of the pleasures of sin took his fill,
And gave up his life to the service of ill.

It chanced that these men, in their passing away
From earth and its conflicts, all died the same day.
John was mourned through the length and the breadth of the land—
Peter fell 'neath the lash in a merciless hand—
Robert died with the praise of the Lord on his tongue—
While Paul was convicted of murder, and hung.
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
The purpose of life was fulfilled in them all.

Men said of the Statesman—"How noble and brave!"
But of Peter, alas!—"he was only a slave."
Of Robert—"'Tis well with his soul—it is well:"
While Paul they consigned to the torments of hell.

Born by one law through all nature the same,
What made them differ? And who was to blame?
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in His wisdom created them all.

Out in that region of infinite light,
Where the soul of the black man is pure as the white—
Out where the spirit, through sorrows made wise,
No longer resorts to deception and lies—
Out where the flesh can no longer control
The freedom and faith of the God-given soul—
Who shall determine what change may befall?
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul.

John may in wisdom and goodness increase—
Peter rejoice in an infinite peace—
Robert may learn that the truths of the Lord
Are more in the spirit, and less in the word—
And Paul may be blessed with a holier birth
Than the passions of man had allowed him on earth.
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in His wisdom will care for them all.

THE KNIGHT OF THE MILKING PAIL

By Cherrie Leon.

'Twas break of day, and a Summer's morn,
The soft wind rustled the waving corn,
The birds were singing a cheerful lay,
To greet the dawn of the coming day,
When a drowsy youth with a languid air
Slowly descended the attic stair.

He took down his old straw hat from its nail
And over his arm hung the milking pail,
And followed the lane with a sluggish tread
To the pasture-lot where the cattle fed.

His one-legged stool from the pasture-fence
He took, and leisurely wandered thence,
And settled himself to business now
At the starboard side of the brindle cow.

The lacteal fluid, rich and sweet,
Had nearly filled the pail at his feet,
When the old cow switched her tail at a fly
And struck the youngster plump in the eye.

"So, so, dod-rot ye! look at ye, now!
Doggone sich a dod-durned, ornery cow!
Just try that over, ye 'tarnal fool,
An' I'll bust yer ribs with the milkin' stool!"

But soon she aimed at another fly,
And hit him a lick in the other eye.
He howled with pain and swore he'd "be durned,"
And "totally dashed" and "essentially burned,"
If he didn't demolish that cussed cow,
And he grabbed his stool; but, alas! somehow,
Before he could get in a lick, he felt
An awful concussion below the belt.

A passing glimpse of brindle's heel—
A sigh of pain, a groan, a reel—
And down upon the dewy grass,
In one conglomerated mass,
Went youth and stool and milk and pail;
And brindle, with erected tail,
Sped snorting o'er the pasture wide,
Nor halted short of the other side.
The morning waned, the sun grew hot,
The youth with his pail of milk came not;
The old folks wondered and uneasy grew,
And down to the pasture-lot they flew,
And there they found him where he fell,
With scarcely life enough to tell
The scared and trembling old folks how
The durned, infernal brindle cow
Had given him a fearful bout,
And nearly kicked his liver out.
But never from that time till now
Has he ventured near the brindle cow,
Who switches her tail as blithe as when
She kicked the youth in the abdomen.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINIA

As Arranged and Sung by E. P. Christy.

The floating scow of Old Virginny, I
work'd in from day to day,
A fishing 'mongst de oyster beds, to
me it was but play,
But now I'm growing very old, I cannot work any more,
So carry me back to Old Virginny, to
Old Virginny's shore.

CHORUS.

Den carry me back to Old Virginny, to
Old Virginny's shore,
O carry me back to Old Virginny, to
Old Virginny's shore.

If I was only young again, I'd lead a different life;
I'd save my money, and buy a farm, and take Dinah for my wife.
But now old age, he holds me tight, my limbs are growing sore;
So take me back to Old Virginny, to Old Virginny's shore.

And when I'm dead and gone, place this old banjo by my side.
Let the 'possum and coon to my funeral go, for dey always was my pride.
And den in soft repose I'll sleep and dream for ebermore.
Dat you've carr'd me back to Old Virginny, to Old Virginny's shore.

POEMS RECEIVED.

A Little Dutch Garden; The Little Fisherman's Girl; Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall; You're as Welcome as the Flowers in May; and Evolution of a Tadpole.

POEMS ASKED FOR.

The Ninety and Nine is requested.

This song is requested. It is entitled The Beulah Railway, and begins:

God a great railway, to heaven has planned,
He staked out the line with His dear, loving hand.

Will anyone send to the Poets' Corner the poem named Two Pictures? Its opening lines are:

In the studio of a painter,
Stood a boy in wonder bound,
As he gazed upon the paintings
That adorned the walls around.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

WHAT WOMEN NEED MOST.

I am a subscriber and reader of The Blade and have been benefited by the Household page. What we women need most is to broaden our minds, so as to be able to figure out the large problems as well as the small ones. Too many women are contented with being able to care for the house, and not the mind and soul. We read so much written by Christian women, but if we could probe into their lives we might find so many little cruelties that no Christian could be Christ-like and possess.

Let women consider the daily cruelty practiced upon dumb animals, and see if their Christianity cannot be brought to bear upon this dreadful thing.

For instance, I saw a boy twelve years old, and he was the son of an enthusiastic, "shouting" preacher, drown a cat. The rock was not heavy enough to sink the cat, and the boy took a board and waded out in the river, where he beat the cat to death.

Now, I fail to see how a man could be a true Christian and raise children that are like barbarians.

What of the women who wear birds and feathers and furs for their adornment? Do any such cruel women claim to be Christ-like, and still demand the life of these beautiful animals to improve their appearance? How can mothers of little children be unkind to the little children of dumb animals. Of course, animals are to be made some use of, but not when it is merely to gratify our vanity.

I think children should be taught to be kind to all dumb brutes. We can talk and can make known our wants and woes, but what of the poor dumb creatures?

I once heard a great speaker say: "Deliver me from the woman who does not feel motherly to all little animals, not only to her own, but to all."

Sport and food that come from animals may be legitimate, but what should be the punishment of those who trap and hunt in all manner of cruel ways, merely to satisfy the animal instinct in them?

In our town there once was a lady—she called herself a Christian—who used to get up and tell in church that she was the happiest of Christians, because she and all her loved ones were safe in the Christian band. In the spring her boys destroyed every bird's nest, and killed every little thing they came across. Now was she doing her Christian duty in bringing up such boys? They were little criminals.

The Bible says, "As ye do unto the least of these, ye do unto me."

Now, I do not mean that we must not destroy pests that are pests, but let us call a halt on this wholesale destruction of innocent, harmless things. The religion we need is a religion of happiness, of love for everything beautiful the Lord has given us to love; to see all sides of a question, and in all things to be charitable to everyone and everything. This long-faced religion that you never hear about except at "meeting" time, does not amount to very much and will not go far towards moving the world. A good laugh is like medicine, and the Lord wants us to be happy and enjoy His blessings. He wants us to use, not abuse, these worldly pleasures.

I am sending this, hoping it may cause some narrowminded creature to "sit up and take notice" as to whether she is really a good Christian when she raises her boys and girls to be cruel men and women. Sincerely—Mrs. G. J.

ANOTHER MAN'S OPINION.

In the Cozy Corner of August 18 I saw a letter headed, "A Man's Opinion." Having been a subscriber of The Blade for some two or three years I will endeavor to say a few words, entitled, "Another Man's Opinion."

I am of the same mind as the other man. Fashions and styles are always secondary with the wife, mother, or woman who loves home life. She educates or moulds her child's mind that to wantonly kill birds to have hats bedecked with them or to purchase them at the milliner's is the height of bad taste.

If we are going to aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, let us get acquainted with those who need it; try to learn more about them if we think such things are unwomanly, and thus scatter sunshine along our path, take by the hand, and lift up in the place of shunning. I think it is all right to wear black if one wants to. In olden times they mourned in sackcloth and ashes.

I should like to meet "Old Subscriber" and have a chat with him. You may hear from me in the future. —The Minnesota Man.

You can see for yourself your letter is not too long. Come again. It helps the spirit of good-fellowship in the Corner to have the "men folks" with us once in a while. But be careful not to scold. Probably a few of you know by experience that woman can be coaxed, but not driven.—Editor.

A FRIENDLY TALK.

There are so many helpful letters from the sisters of the Corner. I wish to say to "Childless," you expressed my sentiments exactly. I am a widow and am childless. I love to hear the children's voices and the patter of their little feet as they go from one room to another, traveling many, many miles in a day.

I am a nurse, and one reason why I took up the profession, was to help administer to the sick, and look after the "wee little ones" who come into this world.

I have recently nursed an old lady of 84 years. She is the most beautiful old lady in character. Her life is not yet ended. She is patiently waiting, surrounded by all that wealth can procure. Her life has been well spent. She wants no one to know where, or what she gives to charity. Her left hand knoweth not what her right has done.

I should like to ask Salome, of Mich., if her pen name, "Salome," is her real name. Mine is, and I am proud of an aunt for whom I was named. Mrs. W. H. Fogleman you are right. I think if one cannot say something cheerful or good about another person, it is best to keep silent.

If Lula Horn will put seed beans in a glass jar with a little camphor gum, and screw only one turn of the top of the jar, her beans will keep. I have tried this.

Later I will send some excellent recipes. Wishing one and all of the household members good cheer, I am—Salome, of Indiana.

ONE OF A LARGE FAMILY.

When I read the letter from Farmer's Wife from Penn. I though I was not the only one who can boast of a large family. I am one of thirteen children, eleven of whom, together with our parents, are living. For the rest of the family there are 35 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren. A number of grand and great-grandchildren are dead.

We live on a farm, and, as the Farmer's Wife said, we have but one pocketbook. If I have change and my husband needs it, he uses it; and if he has change and I need it, it is mine. I love the Household Page the best of all the paper, and will follow the example of some of the rest and sign the name my husband calls me.—Pete.

INQUIRIES.

Dael would like to ask how to clean gilt picture frames, and what to use to brighten the nickel on stoves.

We have mentioned before that these things must be "home grown." We cannot do any free advertising.

Who can give the directions for the game of bean bag? How large should the opening be; how many bags are required, and how is the game played? —A Reader.

Will some of the readers of The Blade please tell how to make ice at home, giving the exact quantities of ingredients? We are living out on the prairie and need ice.—Mrs. H. H. S.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

We have received many letters in answer to the question, how to remove roaches. The most popular one seems to be powdered borax, sprinkled in places which are infested by roaches, or all through the house. If one sprinkling does not drive them away, try another.

Another sure way is to cut cucumbers in pieces and lay them around in different places.—A Farmer's Wife.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

There are nettles everywhere,
But the smooth, green grasses are more common still;
The blue in heaven is larger than the cloud.

G. S. Ellis—Will you send your address to the Editor of The Blade Household Page? We have several letters for you, and this is the second call.

Minnie A. Ranslow:—Thank you for sending the recipe, and thank you for the part that was for me. It was much appreciated.

Grey Wing:—Indeed, I do like "such things." The bittersweet is still a bright spot of color on my desk, and the office boy has been allowed to have a few of the acorns. I wish I could see your house.—Elizabeth Ayres.

D. B. Robins:—I hardly know what to say in response to the honor you have done me. Perhaps the best thing would be to tell you I shall try to be worthy a place with the "goodlie companie."

And you too, Bertha J., many thanks for your words of friendship and approval.

No, "Rockridge Farm," Elizabeth Ayres is all by her lonesome in conducting the Household Page, but for that reason please do not forsake me. I have much love for "my people."

The thoughts of many of our Cozy Corner friends have been with us during the past week, and the thoughts have turned to letters. We are glad to hear from: W. Va. Kid, Robt. R. Ferguson, Dael, Mrs. R. I. S., Sister Belle, Mary K. Row, J. N. Penrod, Hope, Grey Wing, Aunt Nancy, H. Greeley Miller, H. A. S., Augusta, and Mrs. J. P.

LETTERS FROM CHILDREN

Today we have the pleasure of heading the children's letters with a pretty story. It is called:

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.

By Leo Forman, Eleven Years Old.

"My name is Hero. I'm a big Newfoundland dog. I live at Seaport, Maine, in a small cottage by the sea. I love the water, and every morning I go with my master down to the beach, where we take a swim.

"Now I must tell you how it came about that I was named Hero. Before, people called me different names, some Billy, some Boy, while my master called me Billy Boy.

"In the summer lots of people come here to spend the hot season. During the summer many carnivals and festivals are held, which most people attend. One day, many of the people were at one of these carnivals. I wandered to the beach and lay down there, watching a group of boys playing in the water. As I watched, I noticed that they were throwing sticks in the water, to see who could catch them. I grew tired of watching them play, and was about to return home, when I saw the people returning from the carnival. Among them was my master. I ran to meet him. He petted me and took me for a walk on the beach. We saw the fishing boat come in and unload. We saw the pleasure yacht land its passengers. We watched the people fishing from the pier. On our return home, we passed the same group of boys I had watched at play that afternoon. My master spoke to them and I heard him ask if they could swim. They said they could not. Then my master told them to be careful and not go out too far, because there was a strong undertow a little ways out, and they should look out for the big waves. They said they would.

"We had taken but a few steps when we heard a cry of fright. We looked around and saw that a big wave had carried out one of the little boys. What was to be done? People came running from all directions. I heard another cry from the child's mother. Could no one save the boy? I jumped into the water and began to swim toward the child. I never swam so fast as I did then. Just as the boy was about to sink I caught him. Slowly, but surely, I swam toward the shore, with my heavy burden, the distance becoming shorter every minute, as I neared the shore. My strength began to fail. I was panting and weak from swimming with a heavy child. Could I reach the shore? I would die in the attempt. With a final effort I reached the shore, where many willing hands pulled me up on the beach. Everybody patted me and called me a "good dog." Tired out, I fell exhausted at my master's feet. The next day my master showed me a big column in his daily morning paper telling all about how I rescued the little boy, George Moore.

"That afternoon a lady called and asked to see me. I came and she called me to her. She untied a package and presented me with a handsome collar, on which was engraved: 'Presented to Hero, who on the 12th day of the eighth month in the year 1904 rescued from drowning our son, George Moore.'

"My old collar was taken off and my new one put on. My! but I was proud! That afternoon many people called and patted me.

"I am tired and have had an exciting day, so I guess I will take a nap. I have made other rescues, also, but this was my first one. I will tell you others later.—Hero."

This story is written in very good literary style, and we shall hope for more of its author's stories.—Editor.

I am a little girl 11 years old. I have light hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. I am in the fifth grade at school. We live on a farm six miles from Pittsburg, near a mining camp called Ashley. I have three sisters, two brothers and one stepbrother. I have a stepmamma and I love her. She is good to us. She is teaching us to play on the piano. I am a farmer's girl. I help papa to hoe in the garden and to gather garden truck. He takes it to market. I help with the housework, too. I gather the eggs and help take care of the chickens.—Your little friend, Doris Pallett.

Will you admit a little New Kent Indian girl? I am 6 years old. My brother and I are staying with grandma and grandpapa. My brother is two years old. I love to stay with them. They have a real pretty colt and we play with it. I have a pretty one at home, too. Grandma and grandpapa take us to Sunday school and we have a nice time. I have a little sister at home. Her name is Virginia Anita, and I have a brother at home. His name is Arthur Powhatan, and the one who is with me is named Kermit Wabash. Well, I will stop for this time, as grandma is coming with a watermelon. Come and help us eat it.—Pocahontas Bradly.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Back to the circle comes Olive Branch, who is always certain of a warm welcome, even, as in this case, when she calls several of the old-time members to order.

Beautiful thoughts, oh, come to me,
And clothe yourselves in words;
Beautiful thoughts whose theme shall be
Sweet as the song of birds.
Sweet as a bird I'd sing and sing
For all whose hearts are sad,
Until they'd join in the refrain
And joyous be and glad,
With those whose hearts are light and gay
I'd sing a merry roundelay.

My voice cannot reach you, dear friends, but my words will, and I trust someone may be a little happier for my letter. It is seldom I allow myself the pleasure of a social visit with you, but that is my purpose in coming today. There is a sad feature about the M. G. R., and for this reason: Some of you join and write a few letters, until we become interested in you and then drop out of the circle entirely and we are left to wonder what has befallen you. I believe most of us could, without much exertion, write at least once a year. I should like to write once a week, as there is always a word I would like to say to someone, but I don't come quite so often as I do not wish to crowd others out, or be silently dropped into the waste basket.

"While I remain above the ground you
shall hear from me still,
And never of me aught but what is like
me formerly."

Who can give the author of the quotation? It is not original with me.

We are such a large family, representing so many different crafts and from so many different localities, that the M. G. R. ought to be the most interesting department of the Household.

Wt meet, but we are veiled in spirit;
Familiar and yet unknown;
A realm of our inmost beings
Where we are alone, alone.
In each is a strain peculiar on no other heart conferred;
The song in the heart of the singer is never heard.

"Bonnie Burnie," "Quien Sabe" and "Jolly Spinster," we were pleased to hear from you recently.

"Dew o' June," Lena Rivers, Myirea, Illi Nois, Missie and Buckeye Schoolma'am, we would appreciate one of your nice letters any day. "Mr. Smiley," "Eagle Eye" and "Pedagogue," we are longing to hear from you, too.

"Vick," from Illinois, perhaps there will be another story before long.

"Country Rosebud" I did not wish you to be disappointed so you have my letter.

"Lonesome Rustic," keep a good supply of chocolates in stock; that's my favorite candy; I may accept your invitation some day.

"Miss Ourl," "Cherokee Girl" and "Dirigo," your letters are good. Come often.

Telegrapher, can you not send us a short message soon?

"Just me," in what sunny clime are you wandering now?

Return to us, dear, when your voyage is o'er,
And tell us the tales we delight to hear
Of foreign ports on some other shore.

Cricket Hall, write us another of your dear letters.

Compositor, wish I could help you set type, then you would have leisure to write.

"Omega" and "Bible Student," have you deserted the ranks?

"Maybeth," "Va. Boy," "Jess McDonald" and "Illinois Bach," come and pay your dues.

"Mistigay," your letter was peculiarly interesting to me. It nearly portrayed my own thoughts and emotions in regard to literature. Come again.

"Sweet Peas," visit us again with another of your fragrant epistles.

"N. Y. M." of Hornell, I was within a few miles of your home recently. Had I known your real name I might have looked you up.

"Indiana Wabash," accept my congratulations.

"Raoul de Coubert," I like your spirit in denouncing tobacco and agree with you most emphatically. "Dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone," if need be. It is a pity there are not more young men who look at the habit through your spectacles.

Good books are true friends indeed, but not all books are good. We do not choose a book for its costly binding or pretty covers, but usually for what we find it contains on closer acquaintance.

"Choose not your friends from outward show,
For bubbles float and pearls lie low."

Not all people are false and deceitful as you seem to believe. I hope you will yet have reasons to change your views in that respect.

"New England Girl," I have tried to rouse a few of the others whom your cup of tea did not awaken. Do you suppose I will accomplish it? Now I will say goodbye, dear friends. 'Tis getting late at night. Nine, ten, eleven strikes the clock. Please don't forget to write.—Olive Branch.

As I have not seen many letters from Oregon, I thought I would write. This is the first time I have written to the Merry-Go-Rounds, but I enjoy reading the letters and poems very much. My father has taken The Blade for the past nineteen years and would not be without it.

I live in St. Johns, a suburb of Portland, the great Rose City. We have been living here for the past three years and like it very much. I attend Sunday school every Sunday. Our class has organized into a club called the Glory club. Our object is to get fifty members in our class at the end of a certain time. We have thirty or more. We have the largest young people's class in St. Johns. I am in the second term of high school. The high school building is just a block and a half from my home. This is a great fruit country. —Almetha.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

"Whatever the weather may be," says he,
"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing, and the smiles ye wear,
That's makin' the sunshine everywhere."

James Whitcomb Riley.

I couldn't say anything nicer than that if I tried, so I'm not going to try.—Miss Prudence.

An old lady I once knew used to say, we've had "a considerable few" letters this week. They are from: Romana, Clara, Miss Printer, A Girl from the W. Va. Hills, West Virginia Girl, Somebody's Sweetheart, Rosa, W. Va. Girl, W. Va. Scout, and Bunk.

GIRLS MADE PIGEONS PAY

Breeding pigeons on the roof of the house in which they live is the way two little girls in New York are helping their mother and paying for their own music lessons. The family live on the East Side, and the eldest of the five children is 13.

"We got our first pigeons in the country," said the elder of the two pigeon fanciers to a reporter of a New York newspaper. "My aunt gave 'em to us when we were coming home.

"We'd been spending the summer with her and she sent the two squabs to mother because she had to stay home and take care of the roomers. The squabs looked so pretty that mother said it was a pity to kill 'em, so she gave 'em to me and we took 'em up to the roof and made a house for 'em out of a soap box.

"Mabel and I stopped buying candy. We had to have all the money we made by running errands for the roomers to buy corn for our birds. When they grew up they had some squabs, too.

"That was in the winter and mother gave us a bigger box for them and hired a carpenter to build a large house and make it nice and warm for them. She said we could pay her back the money when we got enough pigeons to sell, and we did. We paid her back the next summer, and since then we have been selling squabs right along and making money.

"We get 75 cents a pair for our squabs and we have 'em all promised before they come out of the eggs. Once we got a dollar for a pair, but that was because the man was sick and one of our lady roomers said he might have the pair we'd promised her if he'd pay us a dollar.

"We've got forty pair now, and we feed 'em on corn after they get grown, but when they are squabs we give 'em hemp seed.

"No, we didn't raise all the pigeons we've got now. We trapped some and some just came and stopped with us because they liked our housetop better than where they'd been living."

On the West Side there is another older girl who raises pigeons on the roof of the apartment house in which she lives, and she gets as much as $5 a pair for her squabs. According to her statement a third of the squabs sold in the New York markets are raised on the roofs of houses and the business so conducted pays.

"Twenty-five pairs of pigeons are as many as I care to handle on my roof," she told the reporter. "They cost me just about a cent and a half a bird a week.

"I feed hemp seed to the newly hatched and whole corn to the full grown. Hemp seed costs ten cents a quart, and that quantity will keep two pairs of squabs a week and make them fatten.

"The demand for perfect pigeons of pure stock is steady, and if it should happen that I couldn't sell my squabs at fancy prices there is always a demand for them in the market. 'Broiling chickens and well fatted squabs never go begging,' is what a marketman told me when I first thought of going into the business and was asking him about the chances of disposing of my roof-raised squabs.

"To begin with I bought half a dozen pairs of pigeons at an average price of $5 a pair. The loft cost me hardly as much as a single pair of birds, for it is made of packing boxes with the addition of a wire net, screen and box.

"For the first two years my venture didn't pay as well as it should have done, and I very often had to sell to the markets. That was because I started in with an unpopular variety.

"I was advised to get the high flyer and I did. While I'm not saying they are not the best adapted to city breeding, I am most positive that they are not the best sellers. The chief reason for that, as I make it out, is that none of the wealthy fanciers has taken them up. There have been no clubs so far as I could find out founded to experiment with them.

"Of course it took me little time to find out the reason why they are not salable. As soon as I was satisfied that I was on the wrong track I sold off the high flyers and invested in homing birds.

"No, I have never exhibited my birds, because I find out that more money is to be made by selling such pigeons to wealthy fanciers and allowing them to get the credit as well as bear the expense. There are several gentlemen who pay me for the refusal of all my squabs.

"March, April, May and June are the best breeding months for city birds, and during that time I usually vary the diet of my birds by giving them red wheat. I also sometimes give them Canadian peas mixed with whole corn, their regular diet.

"I feed the birds twice a day, in the morning before going to my work in the office and again late in the afternoon on my return. Birds should be stirred to flight, unless they show an inclination to fly themselves. This is more necessarw with the high flyers than with the homing varieties."

$50 IN GOLD FREE

Are you a smart speller? We give $50.00 away in prizes to those able to make the largest list of words from the word ATTENTION. You can make at least twenty, we believe, and if you can, you will get a present anyway, and if your list is the largest you will get $20 in cash. Here are the rules to follow: Use only words in the English language. Do not use any letters in a word more times than it appears in ATTENTION. Words spelled alike can be used only once. Use any dictionary, and do not use proper nouns, prefixes, suffixes, only legitimate words. This is the way: attention, at, ant, ale, ten, tent, tin, tint, ton, etc. Use these words and arrange your list alphabetically. I will give away, on Oct. 19, 1908, the sum of $50.00, divided into thirteen prizes, for the largest lists of words as above; $20 to the person making the largest list; $10 for the second largest; $5 for the next largest list; $2 each for the five next largest lists; $1.00 to each of the next five largest lists. We want you to know our paper, and it is for this reason we offer these premiums. We make no extra charge for the privilege of entering this word-building contest, but it is necessary to send us 25 cents, silver or stamps, for which we will send you our big, handsome illustrated 28 to 32 page magazine, containing 96 to 128 columns of fascinating reading matter for one year, and the very day we receive your remittance we will mail you free the following ten $1,000-prize stories," for which we paid $1,000 in cash: "Bunch of Grass," by Mrs. John Coghlan; this wonderfully interesting story won for Mrs. Coghlan a $500 cash prize. "Some Crimes and a Thief," by Helen Sherman Griffith; this wonderful story won for the writer a cash prize of $250.00. "A Visit to My Own Grave," by Rev. Charles D. Crane. "The Midnight Death," by Millard. "Francis Kopf. "Two Ends of a Cable," by Herbert Laws Webb. "The Conjurer's Magic Oil," by Mary G. Cooper. "A Desert Enchantment," by Mary Bottsford. "In the Land of Slumbering Passion." "A Hedgerow Rose," by Julia A. Flisch. "Shinar's Tower," by Hezekiah Butterworth. "The Lessons of Kings," by Lina Bartlett Ditson. "Why Landsor Left Egypt," by Col. James Morris Morgan. Show your mettle, win a cash prize. Send your list at once. The names of the winners will be promptly mailed. Address P. J. Allen, Circulation Manager, 649 W. 43d st., Department B, New York City, N. Y.

Y REMAIN POOR?

AN PROVE THAT $5.00 WILL RN $90.00 IN DIVIDENDS.

use the government has thor- explored and reported on the ssato River Basin, and in its Bulletin No. 53 states that it ns $182,250,000 worth of gold We can prove that we own the accessible and most valuable placer mines in the above basin onsist of eleven mines and 384 which have $92,160,000 worth dust.

ive you government proofs, and ments do not deceive people. e agree to buy back your stock rofit to yourself if you are not d.

is why you have an honest to make your fortune to any .

ess at once for full particulars, stock goes up,

PERUVIAN GOLD MINING CORPORATION,

Gardner Bldg., Toledo, O.

E KILLED IN WRECK

's Point Accident Was Due to Snow Storm.

gston, Mont., Sept. 26.—A score ons were killed in the collision g's Point yesterday of a Chi- Burlington & Quincy passenger freight train. The accident was by a snow storm. About twenty jured. The known dead:

Benson, of Utah.
Cawlan, Billings, Mont.
Anderson, Hardy, Mont.
za A. Stewart, Dean, Mont.
Gomple, Ministon, Iowa.
Eymock, Denver.
Barnes, Seattle.
Konsick, Anaconda, Mont.
Babcock, Billings, Mont.
ngdon, Chico Springs, Mont.
E. Johnson, Denver, district er agent Nickel Plate railway.
e Batterock, Anaconda, Mont.
Ryan, Cushing, Okla.
Halloway, Billings, Mont.
Sichemram, address unknown.
unidentified coal miners.

LAMES A VISION

ard Says Sweetheart's ture Flashing Before Him Caused Murder.

nsack, N. J., Sept. 23.—The ion in the murder trial of Au- erhard, the New York grocer's ho is chaged with having killed bed his aunt, Mrs. Ottilie Eber- ained an important point last when it succeeded in having d in evidence the alleged con- said to have been made by .

ard is said to have confessed d his aunt on the spur of the . Eberhard said, so the con- reads, that as he and his aunt sin were walking along the anna railroad tracks there sud- ashed before him the vision of etheart, a New York girl, and ded on the moment to murder his aunt so as to get money ich to marry her.

ILLED ON CRUISER

urret Gun Explodes on French Battleship.

France, Sept. 23.—During drill yesterday, one of the big guns on the French armored Latouche Treville exploded terrific violence, completely e the after turret and killing the entire gun crew of thir- men were seriously injured, them probably fatally. The was similar to that aboard the school ship Couronne, off Les Hyeres, August 12 last, when, bursting of the breech of one uns, six men were killed and ed.

till yesterday had been proceed- a considerable time when, with- ning, the whole turret seemed out. Dismembered bodies were in all directions and several of were hurled into the sea through t breach caused by the explo-

OON CAUSES TROUBLE

and Ruin in Wake of rm in Central Philip- pine Islands.

n, Sept. 24.—A typhoon of velocity swept through the portion of the Philippine weeping part of the island of no, thern Leyte, southeastern orthern Panayk, Masbate and Romblon.

yphoon disappeared in the , moving west by northwest. e prostrated and available de- the damage are meagre. It is , however, that serious disas- ed in the wake of the sudden

gram from a town in Masbate that every building in the as razed, with the exception stal building.

patch received from Romblon the typhoon caused a great roperty and that undoubtedly ersons have been killed.

ELKINS CAN MARRY

of Italy Consents to Duke's Marriage.

Sept. 28.—The king of Italy has sanctioned the wedding of the Abruzzi to Miss Katherine El- kins, daughter of the United States sen- ator from West Virginia.

Approval of the king came after a struggle in both family and ministries. The duke will leave im- mediately for America, and the wedding is scheduled to be solemnized in November. It is thought Washington will be the scene of the ceremony and that it will be one of the splendor anything ever known in the United States.

The queen of Italian warships will carry the bridal party at New York and bear the duke and his bride across the ocean with regal state.

FARM PAPER WHOLE YEAR FREE

send you our great farm paper ab- for a whole year if you will do us favor. Just send us names and ad- of good farmers and inclose 2-cent . The Valley Farmer is a handsomely ed journal, established 15 years, the ablest agricultural writers of the ntry. Published on its own $20,000 rotary es by the largest publishing house the world and read by over a quarter of a ion farmers in this circulation reaching every ty in the State. Address, with stamp, Val- Farmer, 220 Jackson st., Topeka, Kan.

OPEN STATE CAMPAIGN

Expected Multitude Not in Evidence at Mansfield Opening.

Mansfield, O., Sept. 26.—The outpouring of Democrats for the opening meeting of their state campaign was, though large, a disappointment. Mansfield expected and arranged for the entertainment of 30,000 visitors, but the crowd is small in comparison with the expectations of optimistic Democrats.

Every effort made to eclipse the monster demonstration at the Republican opening at Youngstown signally failed. The railroads extended aid to the Democracy which they refused to the Republicans, and offered low excursion rates to Mansfield today. Several special trains were run.

The city is decorated only in spots with flags and bunting. The Democratic state organization appealed to every "good Democrat" in Ohio to attend today's meeting and listen to speeches of "vital interest to you."

The feature of the campaign was the sidestepping speech of Judson Harmon, the Democratic gubernatorial nominee. It has been no secret that Mr. Harmon had little sympathy with the most vital declaration of his party's state and national platforms. He devoted half of his speech today to national issues and then said time did not permit him to speak in detail of the platforms adopted by the Democratic conventions, but he accepted them, at the same time admitting there was room for argument about Bryan's measures as yet untried, and that some of them might prove disappointing in whole or in part. He insisted, however, that Mr. Bryan's suggested remedies for political ills were all in the right direction, and once started, the practical people would work out the desired result in the end.

Evades Liquor Issue.

Mr. Harmon ducked the temperance issue. Twice only did he refer to the question. "The men of Ohio," he said, "will vote their various localities wet or dry as they choose, but they will vote to the state house honest men from top to bottom and from side to side." This remark followed a long arraignment of present state officials. Again he said in concluding a brief reference to Gov. Harris' North Fairfield speech, "if the temperance question requires more settling we shall settle it as Democrats settle every question—let the people rule."

W. G. Sharpe, Democratic nominee for congress in the Fourteenth district, presided at the meeting and speeches were also made by J. H. Newman, W. W. Durbin, D. S. Creamer, and T. S. Hogan, respectively nominees for secretary of state, state auditor, state treasurer and attorney general.

They devoted their remarks almost exclusively to a review of alleged mismanagement of affairs in the office of State Treasurer McKinnon and charged that State Auditor Guilbert had built up a political machine and dictated legislation. Communications and editorials printed in The Toledo Blade in denunciation of the Cox-Guilbert machine were referred to by the speakers.

John W. Kern, nominee for vice president, arrived in Mansfield this morning on a train bearing the skiddoo number, 23, and was two hours late. He was met by a band and reception committee. As he was escorted to his hotel the crowd on the street gazed with curiosity upon the bewhiskered candidate, but there was little demonstration. Mr. Kern and James E. Campbell will talk at a meeting tonight.

Mr. Harmon, in his speech this afternoon, said in part:

"At last the Democracy can go before the people and get a fair hearing. Year after year the people have been warned not to open the door to the Democrats because hard times would surely slip in behind them. And if the same was verified again that a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth—for a while. But justice, though sometimes slow, is always sure, and nearly a year ago while there was not a Democrat anywhere in sight of a federal office, and crops were good as well as every natural condition, hard times came again and struck these pretenders while in full strut.

"After eleven years of glorifying the tariff law as the unfailing breeder of prosperity, too sacred and delicate for the slightest touch, it is now confessed that it must be changed.

"I make this proposition and am confident Mr. Bryan and every Democrat will stand by it. Let Mr. Taft and the Republican leaders who control Congress promise to secure verified statements of the differences paid American and foreign workmen in every 'protected' industry and to reduce the tariff tax in each instance to exactly that difference. The Democrats will agree to such a revision, the tax to be increased or lowered from time to time to meet changes in wages."

Mr. Harmon then entered upon an extended comparison of the provisions of the Democratic and Republican platforms declaring that the advantage was all with the former.

He then proceeded to discuss the campaign situation in Ohio. He charged financial mismanagement of the state funds on the part of the Republican auditor, treasurer and attorney general. He said:

"It is common knowledge that these officers have employed their enormous patronage and power to build up a political organization which, in alliance with the bosses of various cities, had complete control of the recent Republican convention. They thus dictated the nomination for auditor, and for treasurer one of their present deputies and for attorney general the favorite of one of the bosses in the alliance."

Mr. Harmon declared that he believed Governor L. Harris to be perfectly honest and upright, but he believed he "had at his elbow when, in his Youngstown speech he said that not a cent of the public funds had been stolen or misapplied, one of those shifty steersmen who are familiar with the gaps which are unfortunately sometimes left between moral honesty and legal crime, because nobody has made the charge of technical larceny or embezzlement."

The speaker then went on to describe a series of communications between the members of the legislature and the state treasurer early in the year in which he said that the treasurer refused to inform the legislature where he had deposited state funds and in what amounts he held them. The treasurer, he said, informed the legislature that there were no books to show in what banks, in what amounts, or at what rates of interest the state funds were deposited. When finally the information was obtained, he declared that the state funds to the extent of $2,000,000 were found to be on deposit in banks in which the treasurer, the auditor and the proposed deputy successors own stock.

"Even during the late money stringency," said Mr. Harmon, "these deposits were continued at the same low rates of interest without any effort to secure for the state the high rates which private citizens got for their money."

Mr. Harmon then asserted that there had been much manipulation of the funds of the state by Republican officials, although he declared that he was not framing an indictment against those officials for technical crime. Mr. Harmon declared that Governor Harris, in indorsing the Republican nominees, for state offices, and pronouncing them worthy of suport, had condoned their peculiar financial methods. He said that the state government had expended two and one-half times as much money under Governor Harris as under Governor Campbell, although the population had increased not more than one-quarter. He charged "looseness in the management of public institutions" and appealed to the voters to bring about reform.

Other Speakers.

J. H. Newman, candidate for secretary of state, said:

"Entrenched behind a quartet of bosses grown rich and arrogant on graft, your officials spurn contemptuously your entreaties and your appeals to them for an accounting of their conduct. I know nothing concerning the officials arraigned other than what I have gotten from Republican sources and the committee legally authorized to investigate conditions of their offices. Three officials seem to stand accused by the committee of official misconduct. These officials are the treasurer, auditor and secretary of state."

W. W. Durbin, candidate for state auditor, after speaking of alleged violations of the state depository laws by State Treasurer McKinnon and Auditor Guilbert, said: "I promise, if elected, to investigate all these matters fully and to turn back into the treasury, by suit or otherwise, all moneys that are due the people."

D. S. Creamer, candidate for state treasurer, said:

"I do not own or hold one dollar of stock in any bank. I believe that no public official who holds public funds should lend money to himself; and if I am elected treasurer of the state of Ohio I pledge you that it will not require either a legislative committee or a crowbar to get in to see the books; and I further pledge you that there shall be no favoritism, but that all the banks of the state shall have equal opportunity and fair dealing under the depository law."

J. S. Hogan, candidate for attorney general, said:

"If I am elected attorney general, my first allegeiance will be to the great state which will have so honored me. I will be found daily at my post of duty. No boss, political corporation, nor otherwise, will dare to tell me what to do, or what not to do. I shall do my duty as a lawyer, with an eye alone to the welfare of the state. There will be no favored banks, no subserviency to special interests. Banks will be designated as depositories which are safe and which will pay the highest rate of interest for the use of the money. It will not be necessary to serve me with a notice to do my duty. There will be no favorites in matters of taxation."

HURRICANE PLAYS HAVOC

Thousands Are Homeless on the Bahama Islands.

Nassau, New Providence, Sept. 25.—The recent hurricane wrought much destruction in many of the towns. At Matthewtown, Inagua island, 20 houses were destroyed and many damaged. No lives were lost, but the reservoirs were flooded with sea water, which has caused much suffering.

On Watling island 90 per cent of the houses were destroyed and the lighthouse and outbuildings were badly damaged. On Rum Cay, a few miles southwest of Watling island, every house was leveled and the fields were flooded. Castle island lighthouse suffered severelp from the hurricane.

NATIONAL FORESTS BURN

Government Men Fight Fires in Minnesota.

Washington, Sept. 25.—Forest fires have broken out on the Minnesota national forest, says a telegram received by the forest service from Supervisor Marshall, but the government officers appear to have the situation in hand. The fires are reported as having started mostly from the railroad.

Forest officers in Washington say there is little danger of any widespread damage to the Minnesota national forest, though the general conditions are so bad that until heavy rains have fallen there is bound to be anxiety.

25 KILLED IN WRECK

N. P. Passenger Reported to Be Wrecked in Montana Crash.

Helena, Mont., Sept. 25.—A special to the Record from Livingstone, Mont., says that Northern Pacific passenger train No. 16, eastbound, which left Helena at midnight, collided with a freight train at Young's Point, and that twenty-five were killed and thirty injured.

A snow was falling, and for this reason the freight train's flagman could not make his presence known to the passenger engineer. The express car telescoped the smoker, and practically all the casualities occurred in the latter car. Engineer Bessinger, of the passenger, is only slightly injured, but his fireman, Roraback, was killed.

EYESIGHT IN DANGER

From Terrible Eczema—Baby's Head a Mass of Itching Rash and Sores.

DISEASE CURED BY CUTICURA

"Our little girl was two months old when she got a rash on her face and within five days her face and head were all one sore. We used different remedies but it got worse instead of better and we thought she would turn blind and that her ears would fall off. She suffered terribly, and would scratch until the blood came. This went on until she was five months old, then I had her under our family doctor's care, but she continued to grow worse. He said it was eczema. When she was seven months old I started to use the Cuticura Remedies and in two months our baby was a different girl. You could not see a sign of a sore and she was as fair as a new-born baby. She has not had a sign of the eczema since. Mrs. H. F. Budke, LeSueur, Minn., Apr. 15 and May 2, 1907."

DENIES HE IS A TOOL

Foraker Says He Is Under No Obligations to Standard Oil.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 26.—In a long and carefully prepared statement, United States Senator J. B. Foraker last night took up recent charges made by Wm. R. Hearst and President Roosevelt, explaining his temporary connection with the Standard Oil company and discussing the Brownsville incident and his connection with the rate bill. The statement is as follows:

"The President commences his statement connected with the publication of Judge Taft's letter with a bitter arraignment of me because of Mr. Hearst's charges, which he appears to have accepted as fully proven as soon as made. He does not wait for proof or explanation, nor accept the same when offered.

"Mr. Hearst's charges are not simply that I was in the employment of the Standard Oil company and that I was paid for my services, but that I was secretly in that employment for illegitimate purposes, and that the money I received was paid as compensation for improperly influencing legislation by congress in conflict with and in violation of my official duties.

"That I was employed by the company was never concealed or denied. On the contrary, such employment was well known at the time to all concerned. Only a few days ago, ex-Attorney General Monnett, who was prosecuting the proceedings against the Standard Oil company at the time, stated in a public interview that I told him at the time that I had been retained by the company.

"In former statements I made explanation showing that my employment was confined to the affairs of the company in Ohio and its reorganization after the trust was dissolved by order of our supreme court, and that my employment had no relation in the slightest degree to anything in which the federal government was then interested, or with respect to which the congress was then legislating or at that time proposing to legislate.

Helped Frame Elkins Law.

"That I was not in the employment of the company after the services I have mentioned were rendered and that such employment did not afterwards influence me to favor the company in legislation, is shown by the part I took in the enactment of the Elkins law, approved Feb. 19, 1903. Under the statute the attorney general has brought and caused to be brought all the prosecutions against the Standard Oil company, of which we have read so much, including the case in which Judge Landis imposed the fine of $29,240,000.

"I was one of the subcommittee of three—Senators Elkins and Clapp being the other two members—who considered that bill in the interstate commerce committee of the senate and after making such amendments as in our judgment made it more effective, reported it favorably to the committee and then to the senate, where it was passed.

"Under this Elkins law, for the first time in interstate commerce legislation, the shippers were made liable as violators of law and subjected to heavy penalties for accepting or soliciting rebates or discriminations.

"That statute has been put to the severest tests, and they have shown that it is worth more to the regulation of interstate commerce than all the other statutes that have been enacted. It makes effective all the other provisions of law against rebates and discriminations and nobody has suffered more under it than the Standard Oil company.

"I refer to it and speak of its general character only to show that this legislation, which I helped to frame and to enact, aimed directly at the Standard Oil company and the other great corporations, is, to say the least, convincing evidence that I was not employed by the company at that time, and that I was not influenced in the discharge of my public duties by reason of the employment that had ended long before. But if that fact is not sufficient the following correspondence is not only additional proof, but conclusive in its character to the same effect:

Declines Retainer.

"'26 Broadway, New York, May 7, 1906.

"'My Dear Senator—In the possibility of an action being brought against us in Ohio, are you in a position to accept a retainer from us in connection with such a matter?

"'Your early response will oblige.

"'Your very truly,

"'JOHN D. ARCHBOLD.'

"To Hon. J. B. Foraker, 1500 Sixteenth street, N. W., Washington, D. C."

To which I answered as follows:

"'Washington, D. C., May 9, 1906.

"'John D. Archbold, Esq., 26 Broadway, New York:

"'My Dear Sir—My duties in the senate have so multiplied that I found it necessary to retire entirely from the practice of law. I have not taken any new employment for more than two years past. On this account, as well as because of my relations to the public service, I cannot accept a retainer in the contingency mentioned, as I would be very glad to do if it were otherwise.

"'Assuring you of my proper appreciation for the compliment involved in the inquiry you make, I remain,

"'Very truly yours,

'J. B. FORAKER.'"

With regard to the so-called Jones bill letter from Mr. Archbold to Mr. Foraker read by Mr. Hearst, Senator Foraker says he has no recollection of ever receiving it, but if he did he says he no doubt referred it to the judiciary committee which had charge of the bill. Mr. Foraker says he would give it no attention had not Mr. Hearst coupled its reading with that of the Archbold letter having reference to the enclosure of a draft for $50,000. Mr. Foraker says:

"Mr. Hearst accompanied the reading of these two letters together with comments calculated, if not intended, to convey the impression that the one had reference to the other and that they constituted evidence that I was, for money received, trying to influence legislation in accordance with the views of Mr. Archbold. I have already shown in a former statement that the certificate of deposit was sent on account of the proposed purchase of the Ohio State Journal, and that the proposition to purchase being abandoned it was returned on the fourth day of February, only a week after it was received.

Price Bill Letter.

"Until now I have not made any statement about the letter Mr. Hearst read at Columbus from Mr. Archbold to me, dated March 9, 1900, calling my attention to two bills introduced in the Ohio legislature by Mr. Price. I have delayed saying anything about this letter because, having no recollection on the subject, I have been trying to ascertain if I received the letter, what I did with it, or did on account of it, I cannot find any trace of such a letter on my files or of any answer in my letterbook.

"I have not been able to communicate with Mr. Price, who introduced the bills mentioned, but he has stated in a public interview that he abandoned the bills because Governor Nash told him that Senator Hanna and I were both opposed to the measures and that it might damage President McKinley's interests in the national campaign upon which we were then if their passage should be insisted upon.

"Mr. Price's statement suggests to my mind that in all probability I referred the letter to Governor Nash. In any event, I know that I took no action with respect to it, nor, on my own motion, with respect to any other bill pending in the Ohio legislature at that time or at any other time since I became a member of the senate, March 4, 1897.

"While I have occasionally heard from Mr. Archbold during the period that has elapsed since the termination of my employment in the early part of 1901, I do not recall receiving any letter from him except, if I received it, the one relating to the Jones bill, which had any reference to legislation pending in congress. In any event, he never addressed me on any subject since my employment except only as any other citizen with whom I was acquainted might have done, and there was never a suggestion from him or from anybody else that I was under the slightest obligation to support or oppose any proposed legislation on behalf of that company; nor was there ever a suggestion by anybody that I should receive any compensation or reward of any kind whatsoever on that account. And what is true in this respect as to the Standard Oil company is also and equally true as to every other trust, corporation or person.

Gives Lie to President.

"Notwithstanding that the President says in his answer to Mr. Bryan of September 23, that I was the representative and champion and defender of corporations in the senate, there is not a word of truth in any such statement, whether made by him or anybody else, and there is not a scrap of evidence that can be produced supporting any such charge that cannot be as fully and satisfactorily explained as has been explained the letter about the Jones bill and the proposed purchase of the Ohio State Journal.

"That brings me to Mr. Taft's letter and what the President has said in his comments on the same.

"If the President in publishing it had not withheld the name of the man to whom it was written, it might have been easier for me to show that I had no responsibility for that man's action in writing to him.

"The man himself would have refuted the impression the President apparently seeks to create, that he wrote either at my instance or in my interest. I have not at any time, or in any way sought Mr. Taft's help for re-election to the senate."

Senator Foraker then refers to the ante-convention hostilities in Ohio between himself and Secretary Taft, and says the letter of Taft made public by the President absolves Congressman Burton from blame for the interview given out by the latter to the effect that Taft would not accept an endorsement for President by Ohio Republicans if it was to be coupled with an endorsement of Foraker for senator. Continuing, Senator Foraker says:

"Now, as to the letter itself. It shows that the grounds of Mr. Taft's opposition to me were twofold: The rate bill and the Brownsville matter. As to the rate bill, Mr. Taft says of me in his letter enumerating the reasons why he could not accept any endorsement for the presidency if coupled with an endorsement of me for senator: 'He has opposed the vital policies and principles of the administration,' and adds as another reason that I would not vote for the rate bill, although requested to do so by the Ohio legislature.

"Mr. Taft knew that my opposition to the rate bill was not because I was opposed to the general policy of regulation and supervision, but only to some features of the methods it was proposed by that measure to employ.

"For instance, he knew that my objection was confined to certain clauses, among them the rate-making clause and the commodities clause.

"I do not agree with Judge Taft that a senator should be controlled by the legislature of his state against his intelligence, his conscience and his judgment about a great public question of far-reaching, serious consequences. I think a senator who would thus yield to public clamor and do violence to his conscience, his intelligence and his judgment would be unfit to represent a great commonwealth in the congress of the United States.

Defends Action.

"I need not repeat the arguments I have so often made to show that turning the control of the rate-making power over to a commission was calculated to, and has impaired confidence in railroad securities to such an extent as to stop railroad construction and do much injury to all kinds of business, from which it will require us a long time to recover.

"Already the commodities clause has been held to be unconstitutional by one of the most respectable courts in the country. It is commonly acknowledged that it will be an absolute disaster to the whole country if the supreme court should reverse this decision. There were other serious objections to the rate bill that are now making themselves painfully felt.

"Without disparaging genuine morality, it can be truthfully said that less imaginary and professional 'rightness of action' and 'moral awakening' and more common sense in the policies of the administration would have been better for the country and would have excited less of that opposition of which Mr. Taft's letter complains.

"I have in mind not the stopping indefinitely of adequate railroad construction at a time when it is so badly needed, nor the losses amounting to billions of dollars which have been sustained on account of the shrinkage in values of all kinds of securities, but the empty dinner palls and suffering families of unemployed wage workers and the humbler classes of people to be found by thousands in every section of the union. It will be because I thought I foresaw all these disasters that I would not be stood up by the President shoulder to shoulder with the Democratic senators to vote in support of policies that they rightfully, as I thought, claimed as their own.

Goes After Taft.

"But what manner of man is Judge Taft anyway? I have known him for a great many years, and I thought intimately, and yet at times I feel as though I did not know him at all.

"July 20, 1907, when he wrote the letter the President publishes he was so devoted to the trust smashing policies of the administration that he could not consent to be made president as if a part of the same movement, I was to be honored with a re-election to the senate, because of my opposition to that special feature of 'my policies' and now since the Standard Oil company matter, there is manifested the most unusual indignation.

"Apparently every man who has any relation to the company is to be driven out of public life. If so, I shall probably have a great deal of company.

"Only one month ago when Mr. Taft visited Middle Bass and Toledo he was the guest of Mr. C. T. Lewis, of the law firm of Doyle & Lewis, who have been the attorneys for the Standard Oil company for many years, standing next in rank in that relation to Mr. Virgil P. Kline, and when Mr. Taft had occasion to pass back and forth between Middle Bass and Toledo, where I had the pleasure of meeting him, he traveled on the yacht of Mr. Richardson, a prominent magnate of the glass trust, and while he doubtless paid his fare, at least the papers so announced, when traveling from Hot Springs to Toledo on his way to Middle Bass, yet nevertheless he rode in the private car of one of the officers of the road of which also Messrs. Doyle and Lewis are attorneys. What a series of unpardonable crimes! ! !

"There did not seem to be any such righteous dislike of these Standard Oil and other trust representatives rankling in the bosom of Mr. Taft on the occasion to which I refer. On the contrary he acted like a good, square sensible, honest-minded man who really enjoyed the company he was keeping and the entertainment he was receiving, and who recognized, as the late Senator Hanna was accustomed to say, that there were "good trusts as well as bad," and even decent people in the employment of the Standard Oil company as well as objectionable people, and all that is to his credit.

Endorses Doyle for Judge.

"It is also highly to his credit that when, three years ago, the President had occasion to appoint a United State district judge for the northern district of Ohio, Mr. Taft, knowing the abilities and high character of John H. Doyle, of this Standard Oil firm of Doyle & Lewis, did not hesitate to recommend him to the President in strong language for appointment to that judgeship.

"The Standard Oil relation to Judge Doyle, then well known to Mr. Taft, did not prevent him from recognizing his high character and general fitness for such a sacred trust, and I happen to know, as did Mr. Justice Moody, who was then attorney general, that the President, on the recommendation of Judge Taft, was intending to appoint Judge Doyle and would have done so, no doubt, except that, for reasons which did not reflect on Judge Doyle, he finally appointed Judge Robert W. Tayler.

"But if the Standard Oil company was in good enough repute only three years ago to warrant Judge Taft in recommending Judge Doyle, and President Roosevelt in appointing him to a judgeship, much more was it in sufficiently good repute when, six or seven years earlier, before any of the recent virulent attacks were made in it, to warrant me in accepting employment of the character mentioned.

Brownsville Incident.

"As to the Brownsville matter, Mr. Taft says, speaking of me: 'He has seized upon and magnified an important but incidental matter to embarrass the administration, using in this, without scruple, a blind race prejudice to accomplish his main purpose.'

"In view of Judge Taft's statement, I trust I may be allowed to repeat what I have said a number of times, that in this whole matter I had no revenge to seek or personal ends to serve, but was anxious to see that common justice was done to the representatives of a noble and loyal race, every one of whom is by nature a Republican.

"And now comes the President and publishes Judge Taft's letter containing his unfortunate reference to this unfortunate case. What does he mean? Does anybody imagine that the President is unable to see that he is rubbing a sore when he should have brought a plaster? Does he imagine, or can anybody suppose, that the Republican colored voters of this country can be brought to the support of Judge Taft by parading in these closing days of the campaign Judge Taft's belittling of their chief grievance by mentioning it as 'an incidental matter' which has been 'seized upon and magnified, using in this without scruple a blind race prejudice' and then adding the charge that all this is done only to 'embarrass the administration' of President Roosevelt?

"Can it be possible that the President wants to defeat Judge Taft? That cannot be, and yet he could hardly do any other one thing better calculated to lose him votes, for no self-respecting negro reading what Judge Taft says in this letter and adding it to all that has gone before, can vote for him without feeling that he is making a greater sacrifice than most men, white or black, are willing to make.

"This is bad enough, but the President makes it worse when he says:

"'* * * * the entire agitation over Brownsville was in large part not a genuine agitation on behalf of the colored men at all, but merely one phase of the effort by the representatives of certain defying corporations to bring discredit upon the administration, because I was seeking to cut out the evils connected, not only with the corrupt use of wealth, but especially with the corrupt alliance between certain business men of large fortunes and certain politicians of great office.'

"In other words, the Brownsville proceeding was not only all Judge Taft said it was, but in addition to being designing and selfish, it was prompted by the 'representatives of law defying corporations to bring discredit upon the administration of its policy with respect to them.'

"This is worse than the President's claim that the panic of last October was precipitated by a lot of rich men in Wall street, who wanted to bankrupt themselves and the whole country, that they might discredit him; and worse even than the story that the stock men raised a fund of five million dollars with which to prevent him from naming his chosen successor.

"I happen to know better than anybody else can know, that there is not the slightest ground for such a charge. It is invention pure and simple, and judging by the frequency with which the President is bringing the matter to the front, born of that disquiet which comes to the conscience when there is consciousness of having done a great wrong.

"Except only the Brownsville matter, the rate bill and the joint statehood, I voted for the measures the President enumerated among the achievements of his administration and some of them I was in charge of on the floor of the senate when they were passed.

"If in making this defense, I have said anything that will work the slightest injury to the Republican party, I shall regret it, but I shall always feel that those who have no consideration for me, my family, or good name, but would gloatingly rejoice if they could accomplish the shame and humiliation they have attempted, are not entitled to any consideration at my hands, and that it my duty to the party should be subordinated to duty to family and the good name I have striven to make, that I may leave it to them as their heritage, more priceless in their estimation than anything else within my power to give them."

Senator Foraker closes his statement with a letter from M. W. Hissey declaring that he (Mr. Hissey) had personally consulted with Governor Nash concerning the Price bills, that the governor had agreed it was not wise to press those measures, and that he (Mr. Hissey) had had no consultation with Mr. Foraker concerning the legislation.

GRAVE YARDS CROWDED

Cholera Epidemic More Serious in Russia.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 23.—The Asiatic cholera is spreading day by day. It is now appearing in the upper classes of society. Twenty-four cases have been reported in the town of Peterhof. Among the cases reported in St. Petersburg today is that of Court Councillor Nechiporenko.

The accumulation of corpses at the grave yards continues. There were ninety-two unburied bodies at the Preobrazhenskoe cemetery this morning, and the regular mortuary train brought down 146 more.

DANGER OF IMPURE MILK

Tuberculosis Conference Discusses Remedies.

Philadelphia, Sept. 26.—The danger of tuberculosis infection from milk, and how to prevent it, was one of the principal subjects taken up today at the closing session of the International Conference on Tuberculosis. Reports of what other countries are doing in demonstrating the presence of bovine bacilli in milk sold for human consumption were made. It was suggested by Prof. J. F. Heymanns, of Belgium, that the conference appoint an international commission charged with studying the question and elaborate on the prophylactic measures it may recommend.

What the Red Cross society is doing in the crusade against tuberculosis was presented by delegates of that body. Aid for the tuberculosis poor in their homes was also discussed.

BIG FOREST FIRES THAT HAVE SWEPT AMERICA

Michigan Fires That Sent Smoke to Toledo Small in Comparison—Thousands of Lives and Millions in Property Lost.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of standing timber has been destroyed, and hundreds of acres of virgin timber have been burned over by the forest fires that have been raging several weeks along the borders of the lakes, especially on the Michigan coast and in the northern peninsula of that state.

For days the smoke from these fires drifted southward, reaching Toledo and the territory fifty or more miles south of it, hanging over the city as a fog, but carrying with it the unmistakable pungent odor of the pine forests. So dense was the smoke that none but the most skilled navigators attempted to ply the lakes until a long rift showed. Destructive as these fires have been, they are hardly comparable with the fires of earlier days now recalled.

Great Miramichi Fire.

One of the earliest of these was the great Miramichi fire of 1825. It began its greatest destruction about 1 o'clock in the afternoon of October 7 of that year, at a place about sixty miles above the town of Newcastle, on the Miramichi river, in New Brunswick. Before 10 o'clock at night it was twenty miles below Newcastle. In nine hours it had destroyed a belt of forest 80 miles long and 25 miles wide. Over more than two and one-half million aecres, almost every living thing was killed. Even the fish were afterwards found dead in heaps on the irver banks. Five hundred and ninety buildings were burned, and a number of towns, including Newcastle, Chatham and Douglastown, were destroyed. One hundred and sixty persons perished, and nearly a thousand head of stock. The loss from the Miramichi fire is estimated at $300,000, not including the value of the timber.

In the majority of such forest fires as this the destruction of the timber is a more serious loss by far than that of the cattle and buildings, for they carry with them the impoverishment of a whole region for tens or even hundreds of years afterwards. The loss of the stumpage value of the timber at the time of the fire is but a small part of the damage to the neighborhood. The wages that would have been earned in lumbering, added to the value of the produce that would have been purchased to supply the lumber camps, and the taxes that would have been devoted to roads and other public improvements, furnish a much truer measure of how much, sooner or later, it costs a region when its forests are destroyed by fire.

Thousand Lives Lost.

The Peshtigo fire of October, 1871, was still more severe than the Miramichi. It covered an area of more than 2,000 square miles in Wisconsin, and involved a loss in timber and other property of many millions of dollars. Between 1,000 and 1,500 persons perished, including nearly half the population of Peshtigo, at that time a town of 2,000 inhabitants. Other fires of about the same time were most destructive in Michigan. A strip about forty miles wide and 180 miles long, extending across the central part of the state, from Lake Michigan to Lake Huron, was devastated. The estimated loss in timber was about 4,000,000,000 feet board measure, and in money over $10,000,000. Several hundred persons perished.

Great Fire of 1881.

In the early part of September, 1881, great fires covered more than 1,800 square miles in various parts of Michigan. The estimated loss, in property, in addition to many hundred thousand acres of valuable timber, was more than $2,300,000. Over 5,000 persons were made destitute, and the number of lives lost is variously estimated at from 150 to 500.

The most destructive fire of more recent years was that which started near Hinckley, Minnesota, September 1, 1894. While the area burned over was less than in some other great fires, the loss of life and property was very heavy.

Six Towns Destroyed.

Hinckley and six other towns were destroyed, about 500 lives were lost, more than 2,000 persons were left destitute, and the estimated loss in property of various kinds was $25,000,000. Except for the heroic conduct of locomotive engineers and other railroad men, the loss of life would have been much greater.

This fire was all the more deplorable, because it was wholly unnecessary. For many days before the high wind came and drove it into uncontrollable fury, it was burning slowly close to the town of Hinckley, and could have been put out.

50 HURT IN COLLISION

Fog Responsible for Head-On Crash on Traction Line Near Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Sept. 23.—Fog was responsible today for a head-on collision between two cars on the Southwestern Traction company's line between this city and Chester, in which fifty persons were injured, several probably fatally.

A car leaving Philadelphia with workmen employed by the Baldwin Locomotive company was speeding along the single track with seventy-two men on board, when suddenly a car coming from Chester loomed up in the fog. Before brakes could be applied there was a crash, and men were hurled in every direction.

Among the most seriously hurt were:

Edward Smith, leg cut off and shock; may die.

William Mullen, ribs crushed; may die.

Philip Hanagan.

George A. Caffrey.

Harry Potter and N. Poscovitch, hurt internally.

Hirman Neill and John P. Chambers, broken legs.

In addition, a score or more are in hospitals with broken arms and other injuries. Most of them are suffering from slight cuts.

The train had waited on the siding for the regular Philadelphia-bound car to pass, and then proceeded toward the Baldwin works, the crew unaware that an extra car was coming toward them on the same track.

MILLION ACRES BURN

Michigan Forest Fires Entail Loss of More Than $10,000,000.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Sept. 24.—Prof. Filbert Roth, state forester and head of the forestry department of the U. of M., has just returned from a portion of the burned districts in northern Michigan, and yesterday described the loss as something far beyond the realization of the people in this part of the state. Said Prof. Roth:

"One-third of Roscommon county is burned over, a goodly portion of Crawford, Kalkaska, Missaukee, Gladwin and these are by no means the only counties that have suffered. The whole of northern Michigan, especially the upper peninsula, has sustained great loss from the fires.

"Between 3,000 and 4,000 acres of the Michigan forest reserve have been burned. There has been at the lowest calculation a million acres of timber burned over this fall. It will cost $5 an acre to retimber this land, and the new growth was worth easily $5 an acre, so you can see the total loss in these two items alone will approximate $10,000,000, and this is only a quarter of the total loss which includes merchantable timber, country residences and even whole towns.

"All feed for horses, cattle and other stock has been totally destroyed, and all grazing lands rendered completely barren, making it impossible for impoverished residents to keep their stock this winter.

"The fires have caused untold suffering throughout northern Michigan. The people have lived in constant terror for weeks. If you have not been on the ground you cannot realize the existing conditions.

"Only a heavy and general rain can stop the fires. Until that comes the destruction will continue."

ENTIRE VILLAGE IS WIPED OUT

Twenty Families Without Shelter at Homestead—Loss $60,000.

Thompsonville, Mich., Sept. 28.—Forest fires Sunday completely destroyed the village of Homestead, eight miles north of this place, containing the charcoal kilns and the lumber yards of Alex. Immerman & Co., of this place. The losses will exceed $60,000, and twenty families were rendered homeless. The women and children of these families were taken to Copemish.

The northbound Ann Arbor passenger train due here at 5:25 p. m., is stalled here, as the tracks are destroyed at Homestead.

Firemen have been sent from here and from Frankfort to assist the people of Homestead, and a relief fund has been started.

The fire, fanned by a strong southeast wind, attacked the town at 10 a. m., and at 3 p. m. only one store and three houses were left in the village. These buildings were considered safe for the present unless there should be a change of wind.

WINCHESTER

Repeating Shotguns

Over four hundred and fifty thousand sportsmen use and endorse Winchester Repeating Shotguns. The U. S. Ordnance Board after subjecting one of these guns to the severest of tests reported officially that the gun could not be improved upon. For field, fowl or trap shooting they are equally good. Then why not a Winchester?

FREE—Send your address for catalogue of Winchester—the Red W Brand—Guns and Ammunition.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

TRIED TO KILL RUSTIN

Mrs. Rice, in Court, Tells of Suicide Pact and How Nerve Failed Her.

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 25.—Mrs. Abbie Rice was called to the stand today in the hearing of E. E. Davis, charged with the murder of Dr. Frederick Rustin.

She told in detail of living with her parents in Des Moines for fifteen years, how she had married Irving Rice in April

Indian Lands For Sale Cheap

Government Restrictions Removed
Clear Titles Given

The government restrictions have been removed from a large part of the Indian lands; the Indian will sell his fertile acres, and can give a clear title.

There are over 8,000,000 acres of these Indian lands on which restrictions were removed July 27th. The Indian, though a peaceable, civilized citizen, cannot cultivate all his land, and most of them would rather sell it. This is the golden opportunity for the progressive farmer to get a splendid farm at a very reasonable price.

The land varies greatly in character. The rich bottom lands will raise from 40 to 70 bushels of corn to the acre, 20 to 30 bushels of wheat, 3 to 4 crops of alfalfa, averaging three-fourths of a ton to a ton per acre each cutting, or from three-fourths of a bale to a bale of cotton. The prairie lands raise from 25 to 65 bushels of corn to the acre, and other crops in proportion. The agricultural reports give the average yield of all staple crops as about the same as those of Illinois.

There are excellent fruit lands, similar to the famous fruit lands of the Ozarks.
The rainfall is abundant, averaging 35 to 40 inches.
This land can be bought in tracts of 40 to 320 acres at a very low price.
This territory has hundreds of towns and cities, many of which have all the advantages of older settled communities, such as schools and churches, hotels, libraries, electric lights, telephones and telegraph lines, street railways, etc. Only 11% of the present population of these Indian lands are Indians and they are civilized, law-abiding citizens.
If you are not satisfied with the opportunities where you are now located, this is your one great chance to better your condition. Take a trip down there and look around; find the farm that just suits you and buy it while it is cheap.
The Rock Island-Frisco Lines have over 1300 miles of railway in the territory where the restrictions have been removed—over three times as much as any other line. Purchase your ticket over the Rock Island-Frisco-Chicago & Eastern Illinois Lines and you will see the best.
Low round-trip fares to all points in these lands and other parts of the Southwest on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.
You can go via one Rock Island-Frisco Line and return another without extra charge.

If you are interested, write for full information. We will post you on conditions and furnish you with names of reliable men who will aid you to get a desirable piece of land.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass. Traffic Manager
1723 La Salle Station Chicago, Ill. or 1723 Frisco Building St. Louis, Mo.

Rock Island-Frisco-Chicago & Eastern Illinois Lines

35,000 CHINESE DEAD

Bubonic Plague and Cholera Take Awful Toll.

Pekin, Sept. 29.—There have been 500 deaths from the bubonic plague at Tong Sha, 60 miles northeast of Tientsin, since the outbreak of the epidemic. No alarm is felt, however, and it is not believed that the disease will spread.

The cholera in the Yang-tse valley is abating, but the toll of deaths this season has been heavy. In Hankow 30,000 natives and a score of foreigners have died of the malady.

MINE FIRE THREATENS 100

Utah Workmen Just Escape Death in Flames.

Winter Quarters, Utah, Sept. 29.—The lives of nearly 100 miners in the new mine of the Union Pacific Coal company here were endangered today by a fire that destroyed the power house, the main hoist and the tipple. All escaped through another opening. The loss is estimated at about $50,000.

FIVE KILLED BY A BLAST

Three Americans and Two Foreigners Blown to Pieces.

Scranton, Pa., Sept. 28.—Three Americans and two Italians were blown to pieces in an explosion of dynamite while working at Cross Keys Cut, along the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad, near Tobyhanna.

The Americans are: Harry Broadhead, married, Tobyhanna; John Walsh, married, Firth Cliffe, Pa.; Godrick Coyne, 18, Kingston.

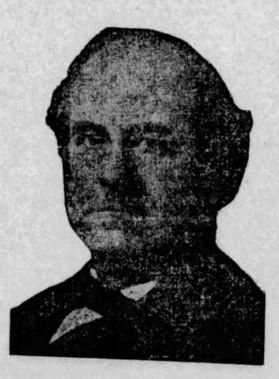
The five men were tamping a hole containing 18 inches of dynamite when it prematurely exploded. The bodies were assembled by means of matching the clothing of the victims.

KERMIT IN INDIAN CAMP

Roosevelt's Son and Seth Bulock Start Eastward.

Pierre, S. D., Sept. 25.—Seth Bulock, Kermit Roosevelt and party arrived here last night from their hunt west of the river and will start eastward this afternoon. They have been out since Sunday, and have visited several Indian camps on the Cheyenne river reservation, but were compelled under the regulations to go south of the Cheyenne river to do their hunting, putting in most of their time along Plum creek.

TAFT OR BRYAN?



Get acquainted with our Presidential candidates. Invite them to **YOUR HOME.** Learn their views on the great, vital questions on which the very life of our nation depends. Hear their very voices right in your own parlor!

YOU CAN, and we won't charge you a penny. Read every word of our wonderful Free Offer; then sign the coupon at once and get the free catalog.

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The Edison Phonograph Co. has secured the exclusive right to reproduce the voices of the two Presidential candidates on the Edison gold moulded records. Their voices are recorded now for the **FIRST** time on the **EDISON GOLD MOULDED RECORDS.**

And such wonderful records! Every phrase, every sentence stirs you through and through with its thrilling enthusiasm, its intense earnestness. You cannot imagine how wonderfully clear and plain these records are. Every syllable, every inflection is so perfect, so natural that it is almost impossible to believe that the speaker himself is not **RIGHT IN THE ROOM WITH YOU.**

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We will send you this latest model genuine Edison Phonograph and a liberal supply of records for an absolutely Free Loan. You can have Taft records or Bryan records, or both, just as you wish.

And we will also send you other records—songs and orchestra pieces—so that you can entertain your neighbors and your family for an entire evening with anything from **GRAND OPERA** to the latest **VAUDEVILLE,** and then finish up with the life-like speeches of the great orators, Bryan and Taft. Now, remember, this is on a **FREE LOAN,** all of it.

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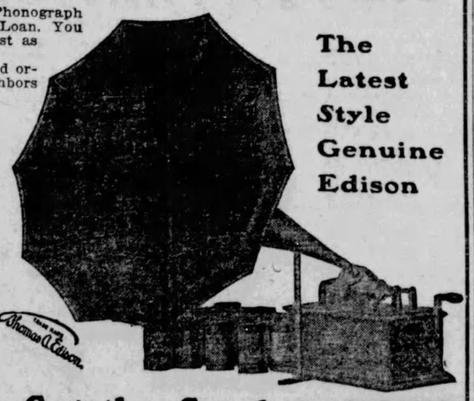
If you **WANT** to make the Phonograph your own after the Free Trial, **YOU MAY DO SO,** and on terms as low as $2.00 a month at the rock bottom price without interest.

Or, you can return the Phonograph and the records **AT OUR EXPENSE.** But you can decide about that **AFTER** you have had the Free Loan.



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Your name and address is all we want. But sign and mail us the coupon **RIGHT AWAY.** We will send you at once, prepaid, our big new Edison catalog, the full list of both the Bryan and Taft records, besides the regular list of Edison Gold Moulded Records (containing over 1,500 titles), a Free Trial Certificate and full particulars of EVERYTHING you are entitled to under this amazing offer. Take a pen or pencil and sign that coupon now.

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Dear Mr. Babson: Without any obligations on me, please send me free the complete list of Taft and Bryan Records; also musical and vaudeville records, free catalogue, etc., and full explanation of your wonderful Free Trial Offer.

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FIND KERN'S PASS

Bryan's Running Mate Accepts Favor From Corporation.

By John T. Bourke.

Connersville, Ind., Sept. 29.—John W. Kern, denouncer of corporations, it appears is a railroad lawyer. As such he is supplied with railroad passes.

Mr. Kern is the Hoosier Democrat whom William Jennings Bryan vouched for to the national convention at Denver, and whose nomination for vice president the "Commoner" dictated.

Mr. Kern in his trust busting speeches on the stump has declared James S. Sherman, the Republican nominee for vice president, to be a friend of the corporations, and, therefore, should be defeated. He has not told his audiences that he himself serves the New York Central lines as a paid attorney, and that he receives free passes from that corporation, the stock in which is largely held by Standard Oil interests.

The Democratic committee has done its best to keep from the public knowledge of Mr. Kern's railroad connections, but has been thwarted in this by E. W. Tatman, proprietor of the Connersville Daily News, published in this city. Mr. Tatman's newspaper recently printed a story of Mr. Kern's visit to a local fair, at which the vice presidential candidate lost a notebook in which reposed annual passes over the Big Four railroad. The notebook with inclosures was subsequently found and Mr. Kern notified.

Won't Admit Passes.

I related the incident to Mr. Kern at Mansfield last Saturday when he was in attendance upon the opening of the Democratic state campaign in Ohio. He neither affirmed nor denied that he had accepted annual passes, but said if he had lost any he didn't know it. He said he had been employed by the Big Four railroad as its counsel in several damage suits instituted against it, and that one of these cases was at Winchester, Ind. He had been given a pass to Winchester, he said, but did not know that it had been lost, as he had not had occasion to use it.

I asked Mr. Tatman yesterday regarding the alleged finding of the Kern passes. "Mr. Kern was in Connersville during the free fair," Mr. Tatman said, "and while here lost a pocket notebook. He told of his loss to several persons, and the book being found later word was sent to the vice presidential candidate. The fact that it had been found was also telephoned to my newspaper. I sent a representative of the News to get a look at the book, since anything regarding a candidate for the second highest office in the country naturally attracts interest. It was an ordinary notebook with a red cover upon which Mr. Kern's name was printed in gilt. It evidently had been where there was moisture, for it was moldy and showed it had been wet.

Finder Is Surprised.

"The book itself was not of so much interest to the finder as what it contained. Between its leaves were two or three annual railroad passes. The News reporter examined but one of the passes, which was issued to John W. Kern and was good until December 31, 1908, over the Big Four railroad.

"A railway official who was asked how Mr. Kern came to have passes when the national law is so sweeping in its restrictions in this regard, explained that John W. Kern was the company's regularly employed attorney and therefore could be supplied with free transportation."

WHOLE VILLAGE WIPED OUT

Hunger and Cold Kill Inhabitants of Siberian Town.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 22.—Frozen stiff and evidently having been dead for a long time all the inhabitants of a village of Siberian Esquimaux were found on the Siberian coast by a party of Indians who went in a canoe last June to see their comrades. Their provisions exhausted, the Esquimaux had eaten the walrus skin covers from their houses and the clothing that covered them.

This tale is told by the Rev. Edward O. Campbell, who is in charge of the Presbyterian mission station at St. Lawrence island, near Nome, Alaska, in a letter received today by Rev. Wallace Lee, of Seattle.

HUNDREDS DEAD IN FLOOD

Thousands of Homes Washed Away by Downpour in India.

Bombay, Sept. 20.—Thousands of native houses have been washed away and there has been a heavy loss of life in the Hyderabad and Deccan districts as a result of the floods which followed an unprecedented rainfall.

The River Musi rose 60 feet, all the bridges were carried away, and the country was devastated for many miles.

Bodies are strewn everywhere, and scores of dead have been found in the branches of trees, where they were lodged by the swollen waters.

The native hospital at Hyderabad was undermined by the waters and collapsed, and all the inmates were buried in the wreckage. The dead number hundreds.

REVOLUTIONISTS IN U. S.

Plot to Raise Army for Invasion of United States of Colombia Is Revealed.

Boston, Sept. 24.—The Post this morning publishes the disclosure of an alleged filibustering expedition which intended to start from this city October 1, composed of 600 men, fully armed and equipped, for the overthrow of the United States of Colombia.

Attention was first called to the proposed expedition by advertisements in local papers calling for recruits, graduates from the United States navy and army being preferred. The advertisements were signed merely "W. A. B."

Reporter Reveals Plot.

A reporter claims to have enlisted as a recruit and secured the information of the expedition. Offices, it is claimed, were opened in Boston, Worcester and Lynn, and 600 men were secured. The men were to receive $15 monthly until departure, and then $30. Four machine guns and two Hotchkiss guns, with other equipment had already been purchased from New York concerns.

A British tramp steamer had been secured to transport the troops and arms to South America. A former major in the United States army was secured to command, and the date of departure set for October 1.

Attack Was Planned.

The ship was to proceed to the Caribbean and land the force at the mouth of the Magdalena river, from which point the forces would march upon Barranquilla, ten miles inland, and attack the government houses.

It is claimed the expedition was hatched in Colombia late last year, and arose through the jealousy of former members of the cabinet of President Rafael Reyes. It was believed the army could readily be won over and a new government installed.

CALLS SPEAKER A LIAR

Near-Riot Occurs in Hoosier Legislative Hall.

Indianapolis, Sept. 22.—What might have been a dangerous riot occurred in the house of representatives just after that body adjourned yesterday afternoon, when nearly 100 temperance workers invaded the hall and Horace Murphey, of Muncie, mounted a chair and began to speak. Several members were seated at their desks, among them being Representative Coble, Dubois county, but they paid little attention to Murphey's speech till he began to berate the opponents of the local option bill. Warming up to the subject Murphey declared that the men who opposed county local option "are saloon bums and brewery representatives." As these words were uttered Mr. Coble, rising and pointing his finger at Murphey, declared: "You are a liar, sir, and you know it."

The words were scarcely uttered when pandemonium broke loose from the excited temperance workers. Murphey jumped from his chair and started toward the member from Dubois, who stood with his fists doubled up and his attitude indicating that he was ready for anything that might come, but Rev. Mr. Everson, of Muncie, jumped in between the two men and pushed Murphey back.

Police arrived in time to prevent a demonstration against Coble, but the workers refused to leave the hall and had to be ejected.

BOAT SINKS WITH 7 MEN

Pleasure Craft Run Down in the Calumet River.

Chicago, Sept. 28.—Seven men out of a party of eight were drowned in the Calumet river at 126th street last night, when the pleasure launch Lemon struck one of the supports of a railroad bridge and sank with all on board. The owner of the launch, Albert Westgren, swam ashore and was saved.

Owing to a storm and a swift current in the river, which is wide at that point, it was more than an hour before the life savers could begin dragging for the bodies. The work at last had to be given up. Westgren said the only one of the drowned men he knew was John Frick, his brother-in-law.

T. C. DUPONT MAY RESIGN

Loeb Answers Rumor About Powder Trust Man.

Washington, Sept. 25.—Secretary Loeb, when asked today regarding a published report that Chairman Hitchcock, of the Republican national committee, had been ordered by the President to drop Thomas C. Dupont from the directorship of the bureau of campaign speaking, said it has been expected here for some days that Mr. Dupont would resign his office. Mr. Loeb added that he understood the resignation would be voluntary.

BOY ADMITS $44,879 THEFT

Mystery of Missing Securities Cleared by Arrest.

Boston, Sept. 24.—The mystery surrounding the theft of securities representing $44,879 from the office of Walstein R. Chester, a lumber dealer, August 20, was cleared up yesterday when Alfred J. McGuinness, a 16-year-old Roxbury boy, was arrested.

He told the police he saw the safe in Mr. Chester's office open and a big wallet lying in it. He took it without being detected and divided it with another boy.

E. Z. MARK'S ARTIST DEAD

F. M. Howarth, Famed for Comic Drawings, Dies.

Philadelphia, Sept. 23.—F. M. Howarth, one of the best known comic artists in the country, died at his home in Germantown yesterday, aged 43. Death was caused by pneumonia.

He was one of the first men to do newspaper illustrating in this city, and is credited with having originated the comic series. Two of his best known series were "E. Z. Mark" and "Lulu and Leander."

BRYAN IS INSINCERE

President Replies to Nebraskan's Statement Regarding Trust Prosecution.

Washington, Sept. 28.—President Roosevelt late last night made reply to W. J. Bryan's recent speech in which he maintained that the Democratic party and platform were not getting a "square deal" in the campaign that the President's professions of fair treatment entitled them to.

Mr. Roosevelt's reply deals particularly with Mr. Bryan's assertion that the administration has been neither sincere nor effective in the prosecution of trusts.

Mr. Roosevelt combats this charge with characteristic emphasis, and sets forth in detail what has been done under his direction toward curbing the tendency of capital to centralize with a view of destroying competition.

The President's Letter.

The President's letter in part follows:

"As to most of what you say about me personally I do not regard any answer as necessary. When you say that I am unfair to your platform you reiterate certain opinions as to which I had quoted, with my hearty approval, Governor Hughes in my first letter; and these, therefore, it is also unnecessary to answer. You have not answered the Hughes speech; and in my judgment you do well not to make the attempt.

"You say that your platform declares in favor of vigorous enforcement of the law against guilty trust magnates and officials, and that the platform upon which Mr. Taft stands makes no such declaration. It was not necessary. That platform approved the policies of this administration and promised to continue them; and here, as usual, I have only to compare your words with the deeds of the administration and of Mr. Taft.

Names Attorney.

"You ask me to name a single official connected with a law defying corporation who has declared or will declare that he is supporting you. In a St. Louis paper, which reached me at the same time that the papers containing this published letter of yours, I find a statement from Judge Henry S. Priest, attorney for the Waters-Pierce Oil company, the western subsidiary of the Standard Oil Co., in which he announces that he is for Bryan, and states that Wall street believes that Bryan will be elected.

"You say that the trust magnates know their own interests and are supporting Judge Taft. So far as their interests are simply the interests of the business community and especially of the wage workers, I believe they will support Judge Taft. So far as they have special interests which are to them more important than the general business welfare, I believe they will support you.

"I now come to the important part of your letter, your attitude toward Mr. Haskell. You state that Mr. Haskell has voluntarily resigned from the committee. You speak highly of the public service which he has rendered and protest against any condemnation of him except such as may come in a court.

Sets Up Standard.

"Out of your own mouth you are condemned. You thereby set up that standard of 'law honesty' which has been the bane of this people in endeavoring to get equity and fair dealing—as they should obtain among high-minded men—from great business corporations and from individuals like Mr. Haskell. Apparently you disclaim even asking Mr. Haskell to retire from the position in which you placed him, so that he retires of his own free will and you utter no word of condemnation of his gross offenses against public decency and honesty.

"On the contrary, you strive to make it appear that his misconduct in reference to the Standard Oil company is all of which he is accused; whereas, shameless though this particular act of his is, it is no worse than countless others in his career.

"I contrast your action in this case with that of Mr. Taft in reference to Senator Foraker. Mr. Taft's statement when the question of his nomination was at stake was that he would rather not accept it at the price of sacrificing principle by supporting Mr. Foraker for senator.

Haskell Not Censured.

"You do not venture insomuch as the lightest possible manner even to censure Mr. Haskell for his manifold misdeeds; and you ask that he be held guiltless of them unless convicted in a court of law, although you well know that as regards the worst of them no action in a court of law would lie.

"You say you were ignorant of Mr. Haskell's record. If so it was willful ignorance on your part.

"You ask that we leave the courts to deal with Mr. Haskell. As to some matters the courts have already dealt with him. As to others, various private individuals whom he has wronged, and the United States government, on behalf of helpless Indians whom he has wronged, are striving to have the courts so deal with him."

The president here quotes a letter from M. L. Nott, national attorney for the Creek nation, telling of suits filed against Gov. Haskell on charges of fraudulently obtaining Indian lands. He then mentions a charge of perjury and fraud brought against Haskell in New York and tells of a supreme court judgment obtained against him on which practically nothing has been paid.

Illegal Privileges.

Mr. Roosevelt then says that Haskell is giving the Standard Oil Co. illegal privileges in Oklahoma on the ground that the federal government gave it legal privileges in the Indian lands before the days of statehood. He then charges that the governor is keeping out of the courts all action against the company and is holding its grants superior to the state constitution.

HUGHES AT SOUTH BEND

New York's Governor Says People Do Rule.

South Bend, Ind., Sept. 29.—Governor Charles E. Hughes, of New York, opened the Republican campaign in South Bend last night, speaking to one of the largest crowds ever assembled at the big Auditorium here. After paying tribute to the President, the presidential nominee and other candidates, Governor Hughes immediately took up a discussion of the campaign issues, and for nearly two hours held the close attention of the audience.

In answer to the question of Mr. Bryan: "Shall the people rule?" Governor Hughes said: "The people have ruled, and they have never had a representative ruler that stood so high in public esteem and justified himself so well as a representative of the people as our present president, Theodore Roosevelt."

FEUDIST KILLED BY TRAIN

Thomas Cockrill, of Kentucky, Run Over by Cars.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 28.—The body of a man who was run over by a train and killed in the Kentucky & Indiana railroad yards, was identified yesterday as that of Thomas Cockrill, noted Breathitt county (Kentucky), feudist. It is believed he was returning from a visit to his old home.

He was a brother of James Cockrill, at one time marshal of Jackson, and who was assassinated. Tom Cockrill was also involved in several feud battles.

HASKELL FORCED OUT

Former Treasurer Admits Accusations Compelled Him to Leave Committee.

Chicago, Sept. 26.—With the arrival of William J. Bryan in Chicago this morning and the resignation last night of Govenor C. N. Haskell as treasurer of the Democratic national committee, interest in Democratic poltics today centered in the question of a successor to Mr. Haskell.

Mr. Bryan prepared to make the most use of the two hours he was scheduled to remain in the city. Vice Chairman John Lamb had joined Mr. Bryan at Terre Haute.

Governor Haskell, nowithstanding the lateness of the hour he was up last night in writing out his resignation to National Chairman Mack, was up today bright and early.

In answer to a question, Governor Haskell admitted his resignation had been forced by the charges made by President Roosevelt and Mr. Hearst, although he still insisted the charges were not true.

Caused No Surprise.

The news of the resignation, which was received at Democratic national headquarters last night, occasioned no surprise, as such an outcome of the situation had been expected.

It was midnight when Mr. Haskell came from his room with a written resignation in his hand. To questions put in writing by newspapermen he gave these answers:

"Do you know whether Mr. Bryan knew of the charges made against you by Mr. Hearst before you were appointed treasurer?"

"I do not see how he could have."

"Do you think your further connection with the campaign, regardless of the truth or the falsity of the charges, would tend to embarrass Mr. Bryan or injure his chances?"

"It might. At any rate, I would not be a good citizen if I risked any embarrassment in the fight of the honest people against the special interests."

Has Not Replied Yet.

"Do you intend to reply President Roosevelt?"

"I have not done so yet."

"Do you intend to renew your demand for an investigation of the charges?"

"How can I? Roosevelt admits he did not tell the truth."

In answer to questions as to the Citizens' Alliance, said to have been organized to fight labor, Mr. Haskell denied that the alliance was ever organized.

Haskell's Ohio Dates.

Columbus, O., Sept. 26.—When asked last night regarding a report that all of Governor Haskell's engagements to speak in Ohio had been cancelled, Chairman Finley, of the Democratic state committee, said that no dates for Governor Haskell had been fixed and none had been authorized by the state committee. He admitted Governor Haskell had offered to give a week to speaking in Ohio.

Squires Makes Denial.

New York, Sept. 26.—A statement was given out last night, signed by C. B. Squire, an insurance man of this city, mentioned by former Attorney General F. S. Monnet, of Ohio, in connection with a bribe offer of $500,000 to stop the Standard Oil suits in that state. Mr. Squire emphatically denies the bribery charge, and also denies that the name of C. N. Haskell was used by him in any conversation with Mr. Monnett. Neither, he said, were the names of F. B. Squire, or of Frank Rockefeller mentioned.

MANY LIVES LOST IN GALE

Destructive Hurricane Sweeps Bahama Islands.

Nassau, Bahamas, Sept. 29.—Only fragmentary reports have reached the government on the damage done to the outlying islands which were ravaged by a hurricane Sept. 14, but it is known the loss of life is heavy. The storm originated near Turk's Island, and swept with ever increasing fury up the long string of islands running southeast from here.

On Long Island the gale blew for two days, and the settlements are obliterated from end to end. The inhabitants were forced to find shelter in caves.

The whole countryside is scalded and burnt from the terrible driving of salt water across the land.

The recent gale is said to have exceeded in fury the hurricane of 1866, which has always been the standard of comparison.

EX-MINISTER IS ARRESTED

Former Envoy to Liberia Charged With Larceny.

St. Joseph, Mo., Sept. 28.—Dr. J. A. S. Crossland, former United States minister to Liberia and negro political leader, was arrested yesterday on a charge of grand larceny. Dr. Crossland is accused of the wholesale theft of drugs, cigars and other articles from a drug store.

THE MARKETS

Money and Stocks.

New York, Sept. 29.—(Wall street.)—Business was unusually light at the opening of the stock market today, but the tone was firm and some of the important stocks ruled from ½ to ⅝ above yesterday's closing. American Smelting was under pressure and lost ½.

The congestion of buying orders in selected stocks caused some selling after the market had extended its open after the market had extended its opening rise. Canadian Pacific was unusually active and improved 2 points. The recent buying of Rock Island preferred and Consolidated Gas was continued on a large scale and they advanced 1 and 1¼ respectively. Atlantic Coast Line also hardened 2½. When the market commenced to run off the gains established were reduced or wiped out entirely. Illinois Central dropped 1½ under last night; Union Pacific, St. Paul, Atchison, Northern Pacific and General Electric, 1.

Prices dragged to a lower level with an occasional pause. Wisconsin Central preferred lost 2¾; International Paper preferred and American Sugar, 2¼; Northern Pacific and Westinghouse Electric, 2; Reading, 1¾; Union Pacific, 1⅝; Great Northern preferred, 1½; American Locomotive, 1⅜, and active stocks generally a point or more. Prices were at the low point at noon. Bonds were steady.

A portion of the morning loss was made up when the pressure against the market ceased. St. Paul and Union Pacific rallied a point, but the average recovery reached only about ½. General Electric fell 2 and Westinghouse Electric 5 points. American Tobacco preferred advanced ½.

Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Sept. 29.—Fairly good rains in the winter wheat belt and weaker cables were mainly responsible for an easier tone at the opening. Though lighter than yesterday's, northwest receipts were still well over the thousand car mark. One of the sustaining influences was the strong cash demand. Another bullish factor was a report of unfavorable weather in the Argentine Republic. At the outset in Chicago, the Patten people sold rather freely. Opening ⅜d lower, Liverpool was quoted at 1⅛d down at 1:30 p. m. Following a decline of ½c on the call, when the price stood at $1.00⅜c, cash and September slumped to $1.00½. December opened ⅜c lower at $1.02⅜c, dropping to $1.01⅞c before midday. May at $1.05⅛c opened ⅜c lower, losing ⅛c in the first hour.

The most bearish factor was the heavy increase of 11,400,000 bu. in Bradstreet's world's visible supply. Exports of 75 loads, chiefly low grade red wheat and durum, served to check the decline. Cash and September closed 1c lower at $1.00⅛; December 1c off at $1.01⅜ and May 1c down at $1.05⅛. Southwest receipts were less than a week ago, but heavier than last year for the same day. Liverpool closed ⅜d to 1⅛d off.

On general commission house selling especially in Chicago, corn opened easy. Unchanged at the opening, Liverpool was ¼d to 6d lower at 1:30 p. m. September started unchanged at 81½c. December opened ½c off at 64¾c, and May on the call was ⅛c lower at 64⅝c. The far month suffered another loss of an eighth in the early part of the day.

Late advices indicated considerable damage from frost. Liverpool closed unchanged to ⅛d off. Corn finals were: Cash 81½c, September 81½c, December 64⅞c, May 65⅛c.

Operations of shorts and selling by commission houses and Armour at Chicago depressed oats. Local receipts were somewhat more liberal. September lost ⅝c at the opening and ⅛c in the first hour, the price dropping to 50c. December opened ½c lower at 50c. At 51⅞c May opened ⅜c off.

At the finish oats were quoted: Cash 50½c, September 50½c, December 50½c, May 52c.

October and December clover seed opened 2½c higher at $5.60 and $5.70 respectively. There was no change in March at $5.80.

Cash clover seed closed 2¼c up at $5.57½, October 7½c off at $5.50, December 7½c off at $5.60, and March 10c lower at $5.70.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close—Sept. 29.	Close—Sept. 28
Wheat—					
Cash	1.00¾	....	....	1.00¼	1.01¼
Sept.	1.00¾	1.00⅞	....	1.00¼	1.01¼
Dec.	1.02⅝	....	....	1.02⅛	1.03⅛
May	1.05¼	....	....	1.05⅛	1.06⅛
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	81½	81½
Sept.	81½	....	....	81½	81¼
Dec.	64¾	....	....	64⅞	64⅞
May	64⅝	....	64½	64¾	64⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	50½	51
Sept.	50⅝	....	50½	50½	51
Dec.	50½	....	....	50½	50¾
May	51⅞	....	....	52	52¼
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	5.57½	5.55
Oct	5.60	....	....	5.60	5.57½
Dec	5.70	....	....	5.60	5.67½
March	5.80	....	....	5.70	5.80
No. 2	....	....	....	5.40	5.37½
No. 3	....	....	....	5.30	5.25
Rejected	....	....	....	5.05	5.22
N. E. G.	....	....	....	4.85	4.85
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	78¼	78
No. 2	....	....	....	78	77½
No. 3	....	....	....	77½	77
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.65	1.65
Alsike—					
Prime	7.00	....	....	8.95	9.00

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept	99¼	....	98¼	98⅜	99⅜
Dec	1.00⅛	1.00¼	99½	99⅝	1.00⅛
May	1.03	....	1.02¼	1.02½	1.03⅜
Corn—					
Sept.	79¼	....	78	78	79⅜
Dec.	65⅜	65⅝	64⅞	65⅜	65⅝
May	64⅜	64⅝	64¼	64⅝	64⅞
July	63⅞	64	63¾	63⅞	64⅛
Oats—					
Sept	49	49¼	48¾	49¼	48⅞
Dec	49¼	49¾	49	49¾	49¼
May	51⅜	51⅝	51	51¼	51⅜

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.09	....	....	....	1.09½
Dec	1.09⅞	....	....	....	1.10½
Corn—					
Sept	76½	....	....	....	76⅞

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.02⅞	....	....	1.02⅜	1.01½
Dec	1.00⅝	1.00¾	....	99¾	1.01

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept.	15.25	....	14.87	14.90	15.25
Oct.	16.90	....	16.62	16.65	16.87
Jan.	16.82	....	....	16.60	16.85
Lard—					
Sept.	10.30	....	....	10.17	10.29
Oct.	9.92	....	....	9.75	9.90
Jan.	9.95	....	....	9.77	9.95
Ribs—					
Sept.	9.95	....	....	9.82	9.97
Oct.	8.87	....	....	8.87	8.87
Jan.	8.97	....	....	8.87	....

New York Stocks.

New York, Sept. 29, 1908.

Stocks—	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30pm
Am. Loco. com	45¾	45⅞	45½	45⅞
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	128¾	128¾	127⅝	127⅝
Atchison	87¾	87¾	86⅜	86⅜
Am. Car & F. Co.	38⅜	....	....	38⅜
Anaconda	43½	43½	43	43
Amal. Copper	73¼	73⅝	72¼	72⅝
Am. Smelters	83	83½	82	82½
Alton com.	27¼	27¼	26½	26½
Allis Chal. pfd.	31¼	....	....	31¼
Am. Tobacco pfd.	94	....	....	94
Balt. & Ohio	96⅜	96⅜	95¾	95¾
Brooklyn R. T.	47¼	47¼	46⅜	46⅝
Chicago & G. W.	7¼	7⅜	7⅛	7⅛
Canadian Pacific	174½	175½	174½	174½
Clover Leaf	26	....	....	26
Clover Leaf pfd.	59¼	59¼	59	59
Colorado Fuel	35	35	34	34
Ches. & Ohio	40¾	40¾	40	40
Central Leather	25¼	25¼	25	25
Consolidated Gas	147½	148¾	145¼	146¼
Can pfd.	58	58	57½	57½
Del. & Hudson	165	165	164¼	164¼
Distillers Sec.	30¾	30¾	30	30
Erie com.	29⅞	29⅞	29	29⅜
Erie 1st pfd.	43	....	....	43
Erie 2nd pfd.	34½	34¼	....	34¼
Gt. Northern pfd.	129¾	130	128¼	129¼
Illinois Central	137¼	137¼	136¾	137
Interborough com.	10¾	11	10⅞	11
Interborough pfd.	31⅜	31⅜	31¼	31¼
Louis. & Nash.	103¼	104¼	103¼	104¼
Missouri Pacific	53	....	....	53
M., K. & To. com.	30	30	29½	30
M., K. & T. pfd.	61¾	62	61¾	62
Nor. Pacific	135¾	136	133¾	134⅞
Nat'l Lead	83	83	81¾	82½
N. Y. Air Brake	73	73	71	71
Northwestern	157½	157	156½	157
N. Y. Central	106¼	106¼	104¼	102⅞
Ont. & Western	40¼	40¼	39¾	39⅞
Penn. Ry.	121⅝	121⅝	121¼	121½
People's Gas Co.	94¼	....	....	94¼
Reading com.	128¼	128¼	126	127
Rock Island	19⅜	19⅜	19	19
Rock Island pfd.	39⅜	40⅜	39⅜	40
Ry. Steel Spgs.	37	....	....	37
So. Ry.	20¾	....	....	20¾
So. Ry. Pref.	53	53	51¼	51¼
St. Paul	133⅜	134¼	132¼	133
Southern Pacific	103¼	103½	101¾	102⅝
Tol. Rys. & Lt.	8	....	....	8
Texas Pacific	25	....	....	25
Tenn. Copper	38⅝	38¾	38⅜	38⅝
Union Pacific	157⅜	158¼	156	156⅝
U. S. Steel	44⅝	44⅝	43¾	44⅜
U. S. Steel pfd.	108⅝	108⅝	107¾	108
Virginia Chem.	20	....	....	20
Wabash com.	12¾	....	....	12⅝
Wabash pfd.	26⅞	26⅞	25¾	25¾
Western Union	61	....	....	61
W. & L. E. com.	8¼	8¼	8	8
Wis. Cent'l com.	27¼	27¼	27	27
Wis. Cent'l pfd.	46¼	46¼	46	46

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Sept. 29.—Hogs were about steady. Conditions were not much improved in the trade, though prices were steady to strong. The light